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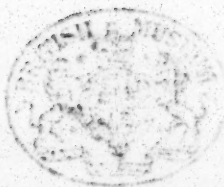
COLLECTED FROM
VARIOUS AUTHORS.

PSALM civ. 33.

*I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will
sing praise unto my God while I have my being.*



Y O R K:
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A
P O C K E T
B Y M N B O O K.

AWAKENING *and* INVITING.

H Y M N I.

- 1 + + + + For a thousand tongues to sing
+ O + My dear Redeemer's praise!
+ + + + The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease:
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free:
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.
- 5 Look unto him, ye nations, own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be sav'd through faith alone,
Be justify'd by grace!

A W A K E N I N G

- 6 See all your sins on Jesus laid :
 The Lamb of God was slain,
 His soul was once an off'ring made
 For every soul of man.
- 7 With me, your Chief ye then shall know,
 Shall feel your sins forgiv'n ;
 Anticipate your heav'n below,
 And own that love is heav'n.

H Y M N II.

- 1 **C**OME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love, and pow'r ;
 He is able,
 He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Now ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify :
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings him nigh ;
 Without money
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream,
 All the fitness he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of him ;
 This he gives you,
 'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary heavy-laden'd,
 Bruis'd and mangled by the fall,
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all ;
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

AND INVITING.

- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finish'd!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?
- 6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

H Y M N III.

- 1 **C**OME, sinners, to the gospel-feast;
Let every soul be Jesu's guest;
Ye need not one be left behind;
For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come all the world: come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come all ye souls by sin oppress'd,
Ye restless wand'ers after rest;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message as from God receive:
Ye all may come to Christ, and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain!

- 5 His love is mighty to compel :
 His conqu'ring love consent to feel ;
 Yield to his love's resistless power ;
 And fight against your God no more.
- 6 See him set forth before your eyes,
 That precious, bleeding sacrifice !
 His offer'd benefits embrace,
 And freely now be sav'd by grace !
- 7 This is the time : no more delay !
 This is the acceptable day :
 Come in, this moment, at his call,
 And live for him, who dy'd for all !

H Y M N IV.

Why will ye die, O house of Israel ! Ezek. xviii. 31.

- 1 **S**INNERS, turn, why will you die ?
 God, your Maker, asks you why ?
 God, who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live ;
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of his own hands :
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross his love and die ?
- 2 Sinners, turn, why will you die ?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why ?
 God, who did your souls retrieve,
 Dy'd himself, that you might live,
 Will you let him die in vain ?
 Crucify your Lord again ?
 Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
 Will you slight his grace and die ?
- 3 Sinners, turn, why will you die ?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why ?
 He, who all your lives hath strove,
 Woo'd you to embrace his love :

AND INVITING,

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Will you not the grace receive?
 Will you still refuse to live?
 Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
 Will you grieve your God and die?

- 4 Dead, already dead within,
 Spiritually dead in sin,
 Dead to God, while here you breathe,
 Pant ye after second death:
 Will you still in sin remain,
 Greedy of eternal pain?
 O ye dying sinners, why,
 Why will you for ever die?

H Y M N V.

- 1 **S**INNERS, obey the gospel-word!
 Haste to the supper of my Lord:
 Be wise to know your gracious day!
 All things are ready; come away.
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,
 And kifs his late-returning son:
 Ready your loving Saviour stands,
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
 Just now the stony to remove;
 T' apply, and witness with the blood,
 And wash, and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
 To triumph in your blest estate:
 Tuning their harps they long to praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Are ready with their shining host:
 All heav'n is ready to resound,
 "The Dead's alive! The Lost is found."

- 6 Come then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to paradise restor'd;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel-grace.

H Y M N VI.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee!
- 2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul," he cries!
See, where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head and dies.
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

H Y M N VII.

- 1 **O** Love divine, what hast thou done!
Th' immortal God hath dy'd for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree:
Th' immortal God for me hath dy'd;
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd!
- 2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,
And say, was ever grief like his!
Come, feel with me his blood apply'd;
My Lord, my love is crucify'd.

AND INVITING.

- 3 Is crucify'd for me and you,
 To bring us rebels back to God;
 Believe, believe the record true,
 Ye all are bought with Jesu's blood:
 Pardon for all flows from his side;
 My Lord, my love is crucify'd.
- 4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
 And gladly catch the healing stream;
 All things for him account but loss,
 And give up all our hearts to him:
 Of nothing think or speak beside;
 My Lord, my love is crucify'd.

H Y M N VIII.

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, eternal name,
 And humbly own to thee,
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms we be!
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As days and months increase;
 And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
 Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
 The breath that first it gave:
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're trav'ling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
 To push us to the tomb;
 And fierce diseases wait around,
 To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God, on what a slender thread
 Hang everlasting things!
 Th' eternal states of all the dead,
 Upon life's feeble strings!

- 6 Infinite joy, or endless woe
Depends on ev'ry breath!
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God!

H Y M N IX.

- 1 **W**HEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I view my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear!
- 2 If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought;
My soul with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought!
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear?
- 4 O may my broken, contrite heart,
Timely my sins lament,
And early with repentant tears,
Eternal woe prevent.
- 5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late:
And hear my Saviour's dying groan,
To give those sorrows weight.
- 6 For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to secure,
Who knows thy only Son hath dy'd,
To make that pardon sure.

AND INVITING.

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H Y M N X.

- 1 **A**ND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?
A land of deepest shade,
Unpierc'd by human thought!
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot!
- 2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be!
Wak'd by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge with glory crown'd,
And see the flaming skies!
- 3 How shall I leave my tomb!
With triumph or regret?
A fearful, or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?
Will angel bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away
To meet its sentence there?
- 4 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
Or number'd with the blest?
I must from God be driv'n,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at his command to heav'n,
Or else depart to hell.
- 5 O thou, that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die,
Who dy'dst thyself my soul to save
From endless misery!

Shew me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when thou comest on thy throne
I may with joy appear.

- 6 Thou art thyself the way,
Thyself in me reveal;
So shall I spend my life's short day,
Obedient to thy will:
So shall I love my God,
Because he first lov'd me;
And praise thee in thy bright abode,
To all eternity.

H Y M N XI.

- 1 **A**ND am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains,
Celestial joys or hellish pains,
To all eternity?
- 2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay!
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch and tremble, and prepare
Against that fatal day!
- 3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone:
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne!
- 4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But O! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destin'd place,
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

- 5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election sure,
And when I fall on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies!
- 6 Jesus vouchsafe a pitying ray,
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happiness!
Ah, write the pardon on my heart!
And whensoever I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace!

H Y M N XII.

- 1 **T**HOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear:
Our caution'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.
- 2 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When rob'd in majesty and pow'r,
Thou shalt from heav'n come down;
Th' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.
- 3 To damp our earthly joys,
T' increase our gracious fears,
For ever let th' archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears;
The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come,
"Arise, and meet him in the sky,
"And meet your instant doom!"

A W A K E N I N G

- 4 O may we thus be found
 Obedient to his word,
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord !
 O may we thus ensure
 A lot among the blest,
 And watch a moment to secure
 An everlasting rest !

H Y M N XIII.

- 1 **H**E comes ! he comes ! the Judge severe,
 The seventh trumpet speaks him near ;
 His lightnings flash, his thunders roll ;
 How welcome to the faithful soul.
 2 From heav'n angelic voices sound,
 See the almighty Jesus crown'd !
 Girt with omnipotence and grace,
 And glory decks the Saviour's face.
 3 Descending on his azure throne,
 He claims the kingdoms for his own ;
 The kingdoms all obey his word,
 And hail him their triumphant Lord.
 4 Shout all the people of the sky,
 And all the saints of the Most High ;
 Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
 For ever and for ever reigns.

H Y M N XIV.

- 1 **L**O ! he comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain !
 Thousand, thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train,
 Hallelujah !
 God appears with man to reign,

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 The dear token of his passion,
Still his dazzling body bears;
Cause of endless exultation,
To his ransom'd worshippers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars.

4 Yea! Amen! Let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the pow'r and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own,
Jah, Jehovah,
Everlasting God come down.

H Y M N XV.

1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits rest,
Ye mournful souls be glad.
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Ye, who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 The gospel-trumpet hear,
The news of heav'nly grace,
And sav'd from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

H Y M N XVI.

- 1 **L**UKEWARM souls the foe grows stronger,
See the host your camp surrounds!
Arm to battle, lag no longer,
Hark! the silver trumpet sounds!
Wake, ye sleepers! wake, what mean you!
Sin besets you round about,
Up and search, the world's within you,
Slay, or chase the traitor out.
- 2 What enchants you, sloth or pleasure?
Pluck right-eyes, with right-hands part,
Ask your conscience where's your treasure,
For be certain there's your heart:
Give the sawning foe no credit,
See the bloody flag's unfurl'd!
That base heart, the Truth hath said it,
Loves not God that loves the world.

- 3 God and Mammon, Oh, be wiser,
 Serve them both, it cannot be;
 Ease in warfare, saint and miser,
 These can never well agree.
 Shun the shame of basely falling
 Cumber'd captives clogg'd with clay,
 Prove your faith, make sure your calling,
 Wield the sword, and win the day.
- 4 Onward press toward perfection,
 Watch and pray, and all things prove;
 Now make sure your own election,
 Taste the riches of his love:
 Shun backsliding, scorn dissembling,
 Lo! Salvation's near in view!
 Work it out with fear and trembling,
 'Tis your God that works in you.

HYMN XVII.

- 1 **T**HOU God of glorious majesty,
 To thee, against myself to thee,
 A worm of earth, I cry;
 A half-awaken'd child of man,
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,
 A sinner born to die!
- 2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand
 Secure, insensible;
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to that heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell.
- 3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress;
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And tremble on the brink of fate,
 And wake to righteousness.

P E N I T E N T I A L.

- 4 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar ;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom ?
- 5 Be this my one great bus'ness here,
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss t'ensure ;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.
- 6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with thee above ;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.



P E N I T E N T I A L.

H Y M N XVIII.

6 Lines 8.

- 1 **F**ATHER of Lights, from whom proceeds
Whate'er thy ev'ry creature needs,
Whose goodness, providently nigh,
Feeds the young ravens when they cry ;
To thee I look, my heart prepare,
Suggest, and hearken to my pray'r.
- 2 Since by thy light myself I see
Naked, and poor, and void of thee ;
Thy eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Preventing what my lips would say ;
Thou see'st my wants, for help they call,
And ere I speak thou know'st them all.

- 3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind !
Thou know'st how unsubdu'd my will,
Averse to good, and prone to ill ;
Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,
Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by love.
- 4 Fain would I know as known by thee,
And feel the indigence I see ;
Fain would I all my vileness own,
And deep beneath the burden groan ;
Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Detest and loath myself and sin.
- 5 Ah! give me, Lord, myself to feel,
My total misery reveal ;
Ah! give me, Lord, (I still would say)
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray ;
My business this, my only care,
My life, my ev'ry breath be pray'r.

H Y M N XIX.

- 1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought ;
Do I love the Lord, or no ?
Am I his, or am I not ?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus ?
Why this dull and lifeless frame ?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse
Who have never heard his name !
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a task and burden prove ;
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love ?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild ;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child ?

Ms. New York

- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, Is it thus with you ?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all ?
- 7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhor'd,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord ?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

H Y M N XX.

- 1 **T**HE one thing needful, that good part,
Which Mary chose with all her heart,
I wou'd pursue with heart and mind,
And seek unweari'd till I find.
- 2 But, O ! I'm blind and ignorant;
The Spirit of the Lord I want
To guide me in the narrow road,
That leads to happiness and God.
- 3 O Lord my God, to thee I pray,
Teach me to know and find the way,
How I may have my sins forgiv'n,
And safe and surely get to heav'n.

- 4 My mind enlighten with thy light,
That I may understand aright
The glorious gospel-mystery,
Which shews the way to heav'n and thee.
- 5 Hidden in Christ the treasure lies,
That goodly pearl of so great price;
No other way but Christ there is
To endless happiness and bliss.
- 6 O Jesus Christ, my Lord and God,
Who hast redeem'd me by thy blood!
Unite my heart so fast to thee,
That we may never parted be.

H Y M N XXI.

- 1 **O** That I could repent!
O that I could believe!
Thou, by thy voice, the marble rent,
The rock in sunder cleave!
Thou, by thy two-edg'd sword,
My soul and spirit part,
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart.
- 2 Saviour, and Prince of Peace,
The double-grate bestow,
Uploose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go:
Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove;
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pard'ning love.
- 3 For thy own mercy's sake
The cursed thing remove,
And into thy protection take
The pris'ner of thy love;

P E N I T E N T I A L.

In ev'ry trying hour
Stand by my feeble soul,
And skreen me from my nature's pow'r
Till thou hast made me whole.

- 4 This is thy will, I know,
That I should holy be,
Should let my sin this moment go,
This moment turn to thee:
O might I now embrace
Thy all-sufficient pow'r,
And never more to sin give place,
And never grieve thee more.

H Y M N XXII.

- 1 J E S U, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep:
Let me be by grace restor'd,
On me be all long-suff'ring shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 2 Saviour, Prince enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give, what I have long implor'd,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 3 For thine own compassion's sake
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow:

If thy bowels now are stir'd,
If I now myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

4 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die !
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye ;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down :
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

5 Look, as when thine eye pursu'd
The first apostate man,
Saw him welt'ring in his blood,
And bad him rise again ;
Speak my paradise restor'd,
Redeem me by thy grace alone :
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

6 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was clos'd that we might live ;
" Father," (at the point to die,
My Saviour gasp'd) " forgive !"
Surely with that dying word,
He turns, and looks, and cries, " 'Tis done !"
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone.

H Y M N XXIII.

1 **L**ET the world their virtue boast,
Their works of right'ousness ;
I, a wretch undone and lost,
Am freely sav'd by grace ;
Other title I disclaim,
This, only this is all my plea,
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus dy'd for me !

- 2 Happy they whose joys abound
 Like Jordan's swelling stream,
 Who their heav'n in Christ have found,
 And give the praise to him :
 Let them triumph in his name,
 Enjoy their full felicity :
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus dy'd for me !
- 3 Blest are they, entirely blest,
 Who can in him rejoice,
 Lean on his beloved breast,
 And hear the bridegroom's voice ;
 Meanest follow'r of the Lamb,
 His steps I at a distance see :
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus dy'd for me !
- 4 Jesus, thou for me hast dy'd,
 And thou in me shalt live ;
 I shall feel thy death apply'd,
 I shall thy life receive :
 To bring fire on earth thou came,
 O that it now may kindl'd be !
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus dy'd for me !

H Y M N XXIV.

- 1 **O** That I could my Lord receive,
 Who did the world redeem !
 Who gave his life, that I might live :
 A life conceal'd in him.
- 2 O that I could the blessing prove,
 My heart's extreme desire ;
 Live happy in my Saviour's love,
 And in his arms expire !

- 3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's pow'r,
I may from ev'ry evil cease,
And never grieve thee more !
- 4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
Ev'n now my sins remove,
And set my soul at liberty
By thy victorious love.
- 5 In answer to ten thousand pray'rs,
Thou pard'ning God descend,
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.
- 6 Nothing I ask, or want beside,
Of all in earth or heav'n ;
But let me feel thy blood apply'd,
And live, and die forgiv'n.

H Y M N XXV.

- 1 **W**ITH glorious clouds incompast round,
Whom angels dimly see,
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me ?
- 2 Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart ?
Answer, thou Man of Grief and Love,
And speak it to my heart.
- 3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design ;
What meant the suff'ring Son of man ?
The streaming blood divine ?
- 4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I may now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know ?

- 5 Come then, and to my soul reveal
The heights and depths of grace;
The wounds which all my sorrows heal,
That dear disfigur'd face.
- 6 Before my eyes of faith confess,
Stand forth a slaughter'd Lamb;
And wrap me in thy crimson vest,
And tell me all thy name.
- 7 Jehovah in thy person show,
Jehovah crucify'd!
And then the pard'ning God I know,
And feel the blood apply'd.
- 8 I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity.

H Y M N XXVI.

- 1 J E S U, if still the same thou art,
If all thy promises are sure,
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor:
To me be all thy treasures giv'n,
The kingdom of an inward heav'n.
- 2 Thou hast pronounc'd the mourners blest,
And, lo! for thee I ever mourn:
I cannot; no, I will not rest,
Till thou my only rest return;
Till thou, the Prince of Peace, appear,
And I receive the Comforter.
- 3 Where is the blessedness bestow'd
On all that hunger after thee?
I hunger now, I thirst for God!
See, the poor fainting sinner see,
And satisfy with endless peace,
And fill me with thy righteousness.

- 4 Ah, Lord! if thou art in that sigh,
Then hear thyself within me pray;
Hear in my heart thy Spirit's cry,
Mark what my lab'ring soul would say;
Answer the deep unutter'd groan,
And shew that thou and I are one.
- 5 Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom;
Light in thy light I then shall see:
Say to my soul, "Thy light is come,
"Glory divine is ris'n on thee:
"Thy warfare's past, thy mourning's o'er;
"Look up, for thou shalt weep no more."
- 6 Lord, I believe the promise sure,
And trust thou wilt not long delay;
Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,
Upon thy word myself I stay;
Into thine hands my All resign,
And wait till all thou art is mine.

H Y M N XXVII.

- 1 JESUS, if still thou art to-day
As yesterday the same,
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of thy name.
- 2 If still thou go'st about to do
Thy needy creatures good,
On me, that I thy praise may shew,
Be all thy wonders shew'd.
- 3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat;
With pitying eyes behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.
- 4 Loathsome, and foul, and self-abhorr'd,
I sink beneath my sin;
But if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

- 5 Thou seest me deaf to thy commands,
 Open, O Lord, my ear;
 Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands,
 And lift them up in pray'r.
- 6 Silent, (alas ! thou know'st how long)
 My voice I cannot raise ;
 But O ! when thou shalt loose my tongue,
 The dumb shall sing thy praise.
- 7 Lame at the pool I still am found :
 Give, and my strength employ ;
 Light as a hart I then shall bound,
 The lame shall leap for joy.
- 8 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
 And dark I am within ;
 The love of God I cannot see,
 The sinfulness of sin.
- 9 But thou, they say, art passing by,
 O let me find thee near :
 Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,
 Thou Son of David hear.
- 10 Long have I waited in the way
 For thee, the heav'nly Light ;
 Command me to be brought, and say,
 Sinner, receive thy fight !

H Y M N XXVIII.

THE BEGGAR.

- 1 **E**NCOURAG'D by thy word
 Of promise to the poor,
 Behold a beggar, Lord,
 Waits at thy mercy's door :
 No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,
 Can help or pity wants like mine.

- 2 The beggar's usual plea
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee,
I know thou would'st disdain:
And those which move thy gracious ear,
Are such as men would scorn to hear.
- 3 I have no right to say,
That tho' I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
When I possessed more:
Thou know'st that from my very birth,
I've been the poorest wretch on earth.
- 4 Nor dare I to profess,
As beggars often do,
Tho' great is my distress,
My faults have been but few:
If thou should'st leave my soul to starve,
It would be what I well deserve.
- 5 'Twere folly to pretend
I never begg'd before;
Or, if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more:
Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
And often I must come again.
- 6 Tho' crumbs are much too good
For such a dog as I,
No less than children's food
My soul can satisfy;
O! do not frown and bid me go,
I must have all thou canst bestow.
- 7 Nor can I willing be,
Thy bounty to conceal
From others who, like me,
Their wants and hunger feel;
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send a thousand more.

- 8 Thy thoughts, thou only Wife,
 Our thoughts and ways transcend,
 Far as the arched skies
 Above the earth extend :
 Such pleas as mine men would not bear,
 But God regard's a beggar's pray'r.

H Y M N XXIX.

- 1 JESU, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high :
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 More than all in thee I find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind :
 Just and holy is thy name ;
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 False, and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin :
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make, and keep me pure within :

PENITENTIAL.

31

Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

H Y M N XXX.

1 **O** Love divine, how sweet thou art,
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by thee?
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me!

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
 Its riches are unsearchable:
 The first-born sons of light
 Desire in vain its depths to see;
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart!
 For love I sigh, for love I pine:
 This only portion, Lord, be mine!
 Be mine this better part!

4 O that I could for ever sit
 With Mary at the Master's feet!
 Be this my happy choice:
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,
 To hear the bridegroom's voice!

5 O that I could, with favour'd John,
 Recline my weary head upon
 The dear Redeemer's breast!
 From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
 Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
 My everlasting rest!

H Y M N XXXI.

- 1 **A**H! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my trouble show,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home;
And yet from him I stay.
- 2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let my Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within:
Some idol, which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.
- 3 Jesu, the hind'rance show,
Which I have fear'd to see:
Yet let me now consent to know,
What keeps me out of thee.
Searcher of Hearts, in mine
Thy trying pow'r display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.
- 4 I now believe, in thee
Compassion reigns alone:
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou would'st fain remove;
Remove it, and I shall declare,
That God is only love.

H Y M N XXXII.

- 1 **F**ATHER of Jesus Christ the just,
 My Friend and Advocate with thee,
 Pity a soul that fain would trust
 In him who liv'd and dy'd for me :
 But only thou canst make him known,
 And in my heart reveal thy Son.
- 2 If, drawn by thine alluring grace,
 My want of living faith I feel,
 Shew me in Christ thy smiling face,
 What flesh and blood can ne'er reveal ;
 Thy co-eternal Son display,
 And call my darkness into day.
- 3 The gift unspeakable impart ;
 Command the light of faith to shine ;
 To shine in my dark, drooping heart,
 And fill me with the life divine :
 Now bid the new creation be !
 O God, let there be faith in me.

H Y M N XXXIII.

- 1 **O** Jesus my Hope,
 For me offer'd up,
 Who with clamour pursu'd thee to Calvary's top :
 The blood thou hast shed,
 For me let it plead,
 And declare thou hast dy'd in thy murderer's stead.
- 2 Now, now let me know
 Its virtue below ;
 Let it wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
 Let it hallow my heart,
 And thoroughly convert,
 And make me, O Lord, in the world as thou art.

3 Each moment apply'd,
 My weakness to hide,
 Thy blood be upon me, and always abide :
 My advocate prove
 With the Father above,
 And speak me at last to the throne of thy love.

H Y M N XXXIV.

- 1 **C**OME, holy, celestial Dove,
 To visit a sorrowful breast,
 My burthen of guilt to remove,
 And bring me assurance and rest :
 'Thou only hast pow'r to relieve
 A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load ;
 The sense of acceptance to give,
 And sprinkle his heart with thy blood !
- 2 With me if of old thou hast strove,
 And strangely with-held from my sin,
 And try'd, by the lure of thy love,
 My worthless affections to win :
 The work of thy mercy revive ;
 Thy uttermost mercy exert :
 And kindly continue to strive,
 And hold till I yield thee my heart.
- 3 Thy call if I ever have known,
 And sigh'd from myself to get free ;
 And groan'd the unspeakable groan,
 And long'd to be happy in thee ;
 Fulfil the imperfect desire,
 Thy peace to my conscience reveal ;
 The sense of thy favour inspire,
 And give me my pardon to feel !
- 4 If when I had put thee to grief,
 And madly to folly return'd,
 Thy pity hath been my relief,
 And list'd me up as I mourn'd ;

P E N I T E N T I A L.

Most pityful Spirit of Grace,
Relieve me again, and restore;
My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall and to suffer no more.

- 5 If now I lament after God,
And gasp for a drop of thy love,
If Jesus hath bought thee with blood
For me to receive from above:
Come, heavenly Comforter, come,
True witness of mercy divine,
And make me thy permanent home,
And seal me eternally thine!

H Y M N XXXV.

- 1 **S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Tho' I have done thee such despite,
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.
- 3 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High-priest,
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T'exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,
From now, O Lord, relieve my woes;
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with the calm repose.
- 5 From now my weary soul release,
Up-raise me with thy gracious hand,
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

PENITENTIAL.

H Y M N XXXVI.

- 
- 1 **W**EARY of wand'ring from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod:
For thee, not without hope, I mourn;
I have an advocate above,
A friend before the throne of love.
- 2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms and take me in,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.
- 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O! for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more!
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of pray'r.
- 4 Ah, give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at th' approach of sin!
A godly fear of sin impart;
Implant, and root it deep within!
That I may dread thy gracious pow'r,
And never dare t'offend thee more!

H Y M N XXXVII.

- 1 **T**O the haven of thy breast,
O Son of Man, I fly,
Be my refuge and my rest,
For O the storm is high!
Save me from the furious blast,
A covert from the tempest be!
Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpass
The storm of sin I see.

- 2 Welcome as the water-spring
To a dry, barren place ;
O descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet refreshing grace !
O'er a parch'd and weary land
As a great rock extends its shade,
Hide me, Saviour, with thine hand,
And screen my naked head.
- 3 In the time of my distress,
Thou hast my succour been,
In my utter helplessness,
Restraining me from sin :
O how swiftly didst thou move,
To save me in the trying hour !
Still protect me with thy love,
And shield me with thy pow'r.
- 4 First and last, in me perform
The work thou hast begun :
Be my shelter from the storm,
My shadow from the sun :
Let me hang upon my God,
Till I thy perfect glory see,
Till the sprinkling of thy blood
Shall speak me up to thee.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

- 1 **O** Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin :
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight ;

Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford :
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just :
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

6 Then will I teach the world thy ways,
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace :
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

7 O may thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

H Y M N XXXIX.

1 **D**ROOPING soul, shake off thy fears,
Fearful soul, be strong, be bold ;
Tarry till the Lord appears,
Never, never quit thy hold :
Murmur not at his delay,
Dare not set thy God a time,
Calmly for his coming stay,
Leave it, leave it all to him.

2 Fainting soul, be bold, be strong ;
Wait the leisure of thy Lord ;
Though it seem to tarry long,
True and faithful is his word ;
On his word my soul I cast,
(He cannot himself deny)
Surely it shall speak at last ;
It shall speak, and shall not lye.

- 3 Ev'ry one that seeks shall find;
Ev'ry one that asks shall have;
Christ, the Saviour of mankind,
Willing, able all to save,
I shall his salvation see,
I in faith on Jesus call,
I from sin shall be set free,
Perfectly set free from all.
- 4 Lord, my time is in thine hand,
Weak and helpless as I am,
Surely thou canst make me stand;
I believe in Jesu's name:
Saviour in temptation thou,
Thou hast sav'd me heretofore,
Thou from sin dost save me now;
Thou shalt save me evermore.

H Y M N XL.

- 1 **W**H Y should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
The tokens of thy grace!
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And shew my sins forgiv'n?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home.

P E T I T I O N.

H Y M N XLI.

- 1 **M**Y drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so?
 Awake, my sluggish soul!
 Nothing hath half thy work to do;
 Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 Go to the ants : for one poor grain
 See how they toil and strive;
 Yet we, who have a heav'n t'obtain,
 How negligent we live!
- 3 We for whose sake all nature stands
 And stars their courses move;
 We for whose guards the angel bands,
 Come flying from above :
- 4 We for whom God the Son came down,
 And labour'd for our good,
 How careless to secure that crown
 He purchas'd with his blood!
- 5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
 And never act our parts?
 Come, Holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
 And warm our frozen hearts.
- 6 Give us with active warmth to move,
 With vig'rous souls to rise,
 With hands of faith and wings of love
 To fly and take the prize.

P E T I T I O N.

H Y M N XLII.

- 1 **H**APPY soul, that free from harms,
 Rests within his Shepherd's arms!
 Who his quiet shall molest?
 Who shall violate his rest?

Jesus doth his spirit bear,
 Jesus takes his ev'ry care :
 He who found the wand'ring sheep,
 Jesus still delights to keep.

2 O that I might so believe,
 Stedfastly to Jesus cleave ;
 On his only love rely,
 Smile at the destroyer nigh ;
 Free from sin and servile fear,
 Have my Jesus ever near ;
 All his care rejoice to prove,
 All his paradise of love.

3 Jesus, seek thy wand'ring sheep,
 Bring me back, and lead, and keep ;
 Take on thee my ev'ry care ;
 Bear me on thy bosom bear.
 Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
 More and more in thee rejoice ;
 More and more of thee receive,
 Ever in thy spirit live :

4 Live, till all thy life I know,
 Perfect through my Lord below ;
 Gladly then from earth remove,
 Gather'd to the fold above !
 O that I at last may stand
 With the sheep at thy right-hand ;
 Take the crown so freely giv'n ;
 Enter in by thee to heav'n.

H Y M N XLIII.

3 **M**AKER, Saviour of mankind,
 Who hast on me bestow'd
 An immortal soul, design'd
 To be the house of God ;

P E T I T I O N.

- Come, and now reside in me,
 Never, never to remove,
 Make me just, and good, I ke thee,
 And full of power and love.
- 2 Bid me in thy image rise,
 A faint, a creature new;
 True, and merciful, and wise,
 And pure, and happy too.
 This thy primitive design,
 That I should in thee be blest;
 Should within the arms divine
 For ever, ever rest.
- 3 Let thy will on me be done;
 Fulfil my heart's desire,
 Thee to know, and love alone,
 And rise in raptures higher:
 Thee descending on a cloud,
 When with ravish'd eyes I see;
 Then I shall be fill'd with God
 To all eternity!

H Y M N XLIV.

- 1 **G**OD of all grace and majesty,
 Supremely great and good,
 If I have mercy found with thee,
 Through the atoning blood;
 The guard of all thy mercies give,
 And to my pardon join,
 A fear lest I should ever grieve
 The gracious spirit divine.
- 2 If mercy is indeed with thee,
 May I obedient prove,
 Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
 Or sin against thy love;

This choicest fruit of faith bestow
 On a poor sojourner ;
 And let me pass my days below
 In humbleness and fear.

- 3 Still may I walk as in thy sight,
 My strict observer see ;
 And thou by rev'rent love unite
 My childlike heart to thee :
 Still let me, till my days are past,
 At Jesu's feet abide ;
 So shall he lift me up at last,
 And seat me by his side.

H Y M N XLV.

- 1 **I** Want a principle within
 Of jealous godly fear,
 A sensibility of sin,
 A pain to feel it near.
- 2 That I from thee no more may part,
 No more thy goodness grieve,
 The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
 The tender conscience give.
- 3 Quick as the apple of an eye,
 O God, my conscience make ;
 Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
 And keep it still awake.
- 4 If to the right or left I stray,
 That moment, Lord, reprove ;
 And let me weep my life away,
 For having griev'd thy love.
- 5 O may the least omission pain
 My well-instructed soul,
 And drive me to the blood again,
 Which makes the wounded whole.

H Y M N XLVI.

- 1 **M**Y God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart 'tis hell.
- 3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are,
'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.
- 4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their blifs;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.
- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And center of my soul.
- 8 To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire:
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

H Y M N XLVII.

- 1 **J**ESUS, come, thou hope of glory;
Purify me, that I
May with saints adore thee.
- 2 Big with earnest expectation,
Still I sit at thy feet,
Longing for salvation.
- 3 My poor heart vouchsafe to dwell in;
Make me thine, Love divine,
By thy Spirit's sealing.
- 4 Thou hast laid the ~~sure~~ foundation
Of my hope, build me up;
Finish thy creation.
- 5 From this inbred sin deliver;
Let the yoke now be broke,
Make me thine for ever.
- 6 Partner of thy perfect nature
Let me be, now in thee,
A new, spotless creature.
- 7 Perfect when I walk before thee,
Soon or late, then translate
To the realms of glory.

H Y M N XLVIII.

- 1 **I** Thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood:
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever clos'd to all but thee!
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from thence derive;
And by thee move, and in thee live!
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning spirit breathe;
Thou giv'st the pow'r thy grace to move,
O wond'rous grace, O boundless love!
- 5 How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?
- 6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost; nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucify'd."
- 7 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought!
Unloose our stamm'ring tongue to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable!
- 8 First-born of many brethren thou,
To thee, lo! all our souls we bow:
To thee our hearts and hands we give;
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

H Y M N XLIX.

- 1 SAVIOUR, the world's and mine,
Was ever grief like thine!
Thou my pain, my curie hast took,
All my sins were laid on thee:
Help me, Lord; to thee I look;
Draw me, Saviour, after thee.
- 2 To love is all my wish,
I only live for this:

Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,
There by faith for ever dwell:
This I always will require,
Thee, and only thee to feel.

- 3 Thy pow'r I pant to prove,
Rooted and fix'd in love;
Strengthen'd by thy spirit's might,
Wise to fathom things divine,
What the length, and breadth, and height,
What the depth of love like thine.
- 4 Ah! give me this to know,
With all thy saints below;
Swells my soul to compass thee;
Gasps in thee to live and move;
Fill'd with all the Deity,
All immerst and lost in love!

H Y M N L.

- 1 JESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore,
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great, effectual door.
- 2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's pow'r!
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.
- 3 Lover of souls, thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear;
Come then, and in thy people's eyes
With all thy wounds appear!
- 4 Appear, as when of old confess
The suff'ring Son of God;
And let them see thee in thy vest
But newly dipt in blood.

- 5 The stony from their hearts remove,
Thou, who for all hast dy'd ;
Shew them the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side !
- 6 Thy feet were nail'd to yonder tree,
To trample down their sin ;
Thy hands they all stretch'd out may see,
To take thy murd'ers in.
- 7 Thy side an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living streams of bliss,
And wash them white as snow
- 8 Ready thou art the blood t'apply,
And prove the record true ;
And all thy wounds to sinners cry,
" I suffer'd this for you ! "

Dr Watts

H Y M N L I.

- 1 **O** God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an ev'ning gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

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St Stephens

- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their cares and fears,
 Are carry'd downward by the flood,
 And lost in following years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away;
 They fly, forgotten as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.
- 7 O God! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come;
 Be thou our guard while life shall last,
 And our perpetual home.

H Y M N LII.

- 1 C O M E, let us anew
 Our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear!
 His adorable will
 Let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve,
 By the patience of hope and the labour of love.
- 2 Our life is a dream,
 Our time as a stream
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
 The arrow is flown,
 The moment is gone;
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
- 3 O that each in the day
 Of his coming may say,
 "I have sought my way through,
 I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do."

P E T I T I O N.

O that each from his Lord
 May receive the glad word,
 "Well and faithfully done!
 "Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

H Y M N LIII.

- 1 **L**EADER of faithful souls, and guide
 Of all that travel to the sky,
 Come, and with us, even us abide,
 Who would on thee alone rely,
 On thee alone our spirit stay,
 While held in life's uneven way.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
 This earth we know is not our place,
 And hasten through the vale of woe,
 And restless to behold thy face;
 Swift to our heav'nly country move,
 Our everlasting home above.
- 3 We've no abiding city here,
 But seek a city out of sight,
 Thither our steady course we steer,
 Aspiring to the plains of light;
 Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
 Whose founder is the living God.
- 4 Patient th' appointed race to run,
 This weary world we cast behind,
 From strength to strength we travel on,
 The New Jerusalem to find;
 Our labour this, our only aim,
 To find the New Jerusalem.
- 5 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
 Freely and graciously forgiv'n,
 With songs to Zion we return,
 Contending for our native heav'n;
 That palace of our glorious King,
 We find it nearer while we sing.

- 6 Rais'd by the breath of love divine,
 We urge our way with strength renew'd,
 The church of the first-born to join,
 We travel to the mount of God ;
 With joy upon our heads arise,
 And meet our Captain in the skies.

H Y M N L I V .

- 1 **S**ON of God, if thy free grace
 Again hath rais'd me up,
 Call'd me still to seek thy face,
 And giv'n me back my hope :
 Still thy timely help afford,
 And all thy loving-kindness show !
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.
- 2 By me, O my Saviour, stand
 In sore temptation's hour !
 Save me with thine out-stretch'd hand,
 And shew forth all thy pow'r :
 O be mindful of thy word,
 Thy all-sufficient grace bestow :
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.
- 3 Give me, Lord, a holy fear,
 And fix it in my heart,
 That I may from evil near
 With speedy care depart.
 Sin be more than hell abhorr'd :
 Till thou destroy the tyrant foe,
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.
- 4 Never let me leave thy breast,
 From thee, my Saviour, stray ;
 Thou art my support and rest,
 My true and living way ;

My exceeding great reward,
 In heav'n above, and earth below :
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
 And never let me go.

H Y M N L V.

- 1 **L** O R D, and is thine anger gone ?
 And art thou pacify'd ?
 After all that I have done,
 Dost thou no longer chide ?
 Infinite thy mercies are ;
 Beneath the weight I cannot move,
 O 'tis more than I can bear,
 The sense of pard'ning love !
- 2 Let it still my heart constrain,
 And all my passions sway ;
 Keep me, lest I turn again
 Out of the narrow way :
 Force my violence to be still,
 And captivate my every thought ;
 Charm, and melt, and change my will,
 And bring me down to nought.
- 3 If I have begun once more
 Thy sweet return to feel ;
 If even now I find thy pow'r
 Present my soul to heal :
 Still and quiet may I lie,
 Nor struggle out of thine embrace ;
 Never more resist, or fly
 From thy pursuing grace.
- 4 To the cross, thine altar, bind
 Me with the cords of love ;
 Freedom let me never find
 From my dear Lord to move :

That I never, never more
 May with my much-lov'd Master part,
 To the posts of mercy's door
 O nail my willing heart.

5 See my utter helplessness,
 And leave me not alone;
 O preserve in perfect peace,
 And seal me for thine own!
 More and more thyself reveal,
 Thy presence let me always find;
 Comfort, and confirm, and heal,
 My feeble, sin-sick mind.

6 As the apple of an eye
 Thy weakest servant keep;
 Help me at thy feet to lie,
 And there for ever weep:
 Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
 That I've an hope of heav'n;
 Much of love I ought to know,
 For I have much forgiv'n.

H Y M N LVI.

1 **T**HEE will I love, my strength, my tower,
 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
 Thee will I love with all my pow'r,
 In all my works, and thee alone.
 Thee will I love, till the pure fire
 Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 Ah! why did I so late thee know,
 Thee, lovelier than the sons of men?
 Ah! why did I no sooner go
 To thee, the only ease in pain?
 Asham'd I sigh and inly mourn,
 That I so late to thee did turn.

- 3 In darkness willingly I stray'd ;
 I sought thee, yet from thee I rov'd ;
 Far wide my wand'ring thoughts were spread,
 Thy creatures more than thee I lov'd ;
 And now if more at length I see,
 'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.
- 4 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
 That thy bright beams on me have shin'd ;
 I thank thee, who hast overthrown
 My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind :
 I thank thee, whose enliv'ning voice
 Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.
- 5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
 Nor suffer me again to stray ;
 Strengthen my feet with steady pace,
 Still to press forward in thy way :
 My soul and flesh, O Lord of might !
 Fill, satiate with thy heav'nly light.

H Y M N LVII.

- 1 **I**NFINITE, unexhausted Love !
 Jesus and love are one :
 It still to me thy bowels move,
 They are restrain'd to none.
- 2 What shall I do my God to love !
 My loving God to praise ?
 The length, and breadth, and height to prove,
 And depth of sov'reign grace ?
- 3 Thy sov'reign grace to all extends,
 Immense and unconfin'd ;
 From age to age it never ends,
 It reaches all mankind.
- 4 Throughout the world its breadth is known,
 Wide as infinity !
 So wide, it never pass'd by one,
 Or it had pass'd by me.

- 5 My trespass was grown up to heav'n;
But far above the skies,
In Christ abundantly forgiv'n,
I see thy mercies rise!
- 6 The depth of all-redeeming love
What angel-tongue can tell?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable!
- 7 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take
Possession of thine own!
My longing heart vouchsafe to make
Thine everlasting throne!
- 8 Assert thy claim, maintain thy right,
Come quickly from above;
And sink me to perfection's height,
The depth of humble love.

H Y M N LVIII.

- 1 **A**LL glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restor'd.
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord!
Who meanly in Bethlehem born,
Did stoop to redeem a lost race,
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.
- 2 When thou in our flesh didst appear,
All nature acknowledg'd thy birth;
Arose the acceptable year,
And heaven was open'd on earth:
Receiving its Lord from above,
The world was united to bless
The giver of concord and love,
The prince and the author of peace.

- 3 O wouldst thou again be made known,
 Again in the spirit descend,
 And set up in each of thine own,
 A kingdom that never shall end.
 Thou only art able to bless,
 And make the glad nations obey,
 And bid the dire enmity cease,
 And bow the whole world to thy sway.
- 4 Come then to thy servants again,
 Who long thy appearing to know,
 Thy quiet and peaceable reign
 In mercy establish below ;
 All sorrow before thee shall fly,
 And anger and hatred be o'er,
 And envy and malice shall die,
 And discord afflict us no more.
- 5 No horrid alarm of war
 Shall break our eternal repose ;
 No sound of the trumpet is there,
 Where Jesus's spirit o'erflows :
 Appeas'd by the charms of thy grace,
 We all shall in amity join,
 And kindly each other embrace,
 And love with a passion like thine.

H Y M N LIX.

- 1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God in persons three !
 Bring back the heav'nly blessing lost
 By all mankind and me.
- 2 Thy favour, and thy nature too,
 To me, to all restore ;
 Forgive, and after God renew,
 And keep us evermore.

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- 3 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.
- 4 Light in thy light O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove!
Reviv'd, and cheer'd, and blest by thee,
The God of pard'ning love!
- 5 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconcil'd!
- 6 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiv'n;
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heav'n!

H Y M N LX.

- 1 **O** Almighty God of love,
Thy holy arm display!
Send me succour from above,
In this my evil day;
Arm my weakness with thy pow'r,
Woman's seed appear within!
Be my safeguard and my tow'r
Against the face of sin.
- 2 Rock of my salvation, haste,
Extend thy ample shade,
Let it over me be cast,
And screen my naked head:
Save me from the trying hour;
Thou my sure protection be;
Shelter me from Satan's pow'r,
Till I am fix'd on thee.

- 3 Set upon thyself my feet,
 And make me surely stand;
 From temptation's rage and heat
 Cover me with thine hand:
 Let me in the cleft be plac'd;
 Never from thy fence remove;
 In thine arms of love embrac'd,
 Of everlasting love.

H Y M N LXI.

- 1 **C**OME, Saviour, Jesu, from above!
 Assist me with thy heav'nly grace!
 Empty my heart of earthly love,
 And for thyself prepare the place.
- 2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
 And set my longing spirit free!
 Which pants to have no other will,
 But night and day to feast on thee.
- 3 While in this region here below,
 No other good will I pursue;
 I'll bid this world of noise and show,
 With all its glitt'ring snares adieu.
- 4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
 In which my Saviour's footsteps thing;
 Nor will I hear, nor will I speak
 Of any other love but thine.
- 5 Henceforth may no profane delight
 Divide this consecrated soul;
 Possess it thou, who hast the right,
 As Lord and Master of the whole.
- 6 Nothing on earth do I desire,
 But thy pure love within my breast;
 This, only this will I require,
 And freely give up all the rest.

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H Y M N LXII.

1 **T**HE praying spirit breathe,
The watching pow'r impart;
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my peaceful heart:
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppress;
Appear and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come,
Thy own this moment seize;
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:
Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

H Y M N LXIII.

1 **S**HEPHERD divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day:
To all thy tempted follow'rs give
The pow'r to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fi'ry trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast,
In never-ceasing pray'r!

3 The spirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of ev'ry heart,
I will not let thee go.

- 5 I will not let thee go unless
 Thou tell thy name to me ;
 With all thy great salvation blefs,
 And make me all like thee.
- 6 Then let me on the mountain-top
 Behold thy open face ;
 Where faith in sight is swallow'd up,
 And pray'r in endless praise.

H Y M N LXIV.

- 1 J E S U, my strength, my hope,
 On thee I cast my care,
 With humble confidence look up,
 And know thou hear'st my pray'r.
 Give me on thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do,
 On thee almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.
- 2 I want a sober mind,
 A self-renouncing will,
 That tramples down and casts behind
 The baits of pleasing ill :
 A soul inur'd to pain,
 To hardship, grief, and loss ;
 Bold to take up, firm to sustain
 The consecrated cross.
- 3 I want a godly fear,
 A quick-discerning eye,
 That looks to thee when sin is near,
 And sees the Tempter fly ;
 A spirit still prepar'd,
 And arm'd with jealous care,
 For ever standing on its guard,
 And watching unto pray'r.

- 4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or with my suff'rings less.
This blessing above all,
Always to pray I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.
- 5 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.
- 6 I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me,
My succour, and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love

H Y M N LXV.

- 1 **H** E L P, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
And still my tempted soul stand by,
Throughout the evil day;
The sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And stir me up to pray.
- 2 My soul with thy whole armour arm,
In each approach of sin alarm,
And shew the danger near,

- Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy,
And sanctifying fear.
- 3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
O let me see thy gath'ring frown,
And feel thy warning eye:
And starting cry, from ruin's brink,
Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink!
O save me, or I die!
- 4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
Before I wholly fall away
The keen conviction dart.
Recal me by that pitying look,
That kind, upbraiding glance which broke
Unfaithful Peter's heart.
- 5 In me thine utmost mercy show,
And make me like thyself below,
Unblameable in grace;
Ready prepar'd and fitted here,
By perfect holiness to appear
Before thy glorious face.

H Y M N LXVI.

- 1 **J**ESU, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my ev'ry care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inspire, and then accept my pray'r.
- 2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings;
If with me now thy spirit stays,
And hov'ring hides me in his wings.
- 3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep, till he renews my heart.

- 4 When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
"Return, and walk in Christ thy way,
"Fly back to Christ, for sin is near."
- 5 His sacred unction from above
Be still my comforter and guide;
Till all the stony he remove,
And in my loving heart reside.
- 6 Jesus, I fain would walk in thee,
From nature's ev'ry path retreat;
Thou art my way, my leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.
- 7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
O reach me out thy gracious hand!
Only on thee for help I call;
Only by faith in thee I stand.

H Y M N LXVII.

- 1 **A** Charge to keep I have:
A God to glory;
"A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my pow'rs engage
To do my Master's will!
- 2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give:
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assur'd, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

H Y M N LXVIII.

- 1 **B**E it my only wisdom here,
 To serve the Lord with filial fear,
 With loving gratitude :
 Superior sense may I display,
 By shunning ev'ry evil way,
 And walking in the good.
- 2 O may I still from sin depart ;
 A wise and understanding heart,
 Jesus, to me be giv'n !
 And let me through thy spirit know,
 To glorify my God below,
 And find my way to heav'n.

H Y M N LXIX.

- 1 **G**OD of almighty love,
 By whose sufficient grace,
 I lit my heart to things above,
 And humbly seek thy face ;
 Through Jesus Christ the just,
 My saint desires receive ;
 And let me in thy goodness trust,
 And to thy glory live.
- 2 Whate'er I say or do,
 Thy glory be my aim ;
 My off'rings all be offer'd through
 The ever-blessed Name :
 Jesu, my single eye
 Be fixt on thee alone ;
 Thy name be prais'd on earth, on high ;
 Thy will by all be done.
- 3 Spirit of faith, inspire
 My consecrated heart,
 Fill me with pure, celestial fire,
 With all thou hast and art :

My feeble mind transform,
And, perfectly renew'd,
Into a faint exalt a worm;
A worm exalt to God!

H Y M N LXX.

1 **T**HE thing my God doth hate,
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew;
My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And sanctify'd by love divine,
For ever cease from sin.

2 That blessed law of thine,
Jesu, to me impart;
Thy spirit's law of life divine,
O write it in my heart!
Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove,
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

3 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity,
And sweetly ev'ry moment draw
My happy soul to thee;
Soul of my soul remain,
Who didst for all fulfil,
In me, O Lord, fulfil again
Thy heav'nly Father's will!

H Y M N LXXI.

1 **O** For a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood
So freely spilt for me!

- 1 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 2 O for a lowly contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.
- 3 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 4 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe;
Jesus, for thee distressed I am;
I want thy love to know.
- 5 My heart, thou know'st, can never rest
Till thou create my peace,
Till of my Eden repolest,
From ev'ry sin I cease.
- 6 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me
Bestow that peace unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.
- 7 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love!

H Y M N LXXII.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows;
I see from far thy beauteous light,
I only sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee,

- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove ;
And fain I would, but though my will
Seems fixt, yet wide my passions rove :
Yet hindrances strew all the way ;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.
- 3 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee !
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wand'ring soul shall see :
O when shall all my wand'rings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend ?
- 4 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share ?
Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there !
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.
- 5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call ;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say
"I am thy love, thy God, thy All !"
To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

H Y M N LXXIII.

- 1 **Y**E happy sinners hear
The prisoner of the Lord,
And wait, till Christ appear
According to his word ;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 2 The Lord our Righteousness
We have long since receiv'd ;
Salvation nearer is
Than when we first believ'd :

Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 In God we put our trust ;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful he is and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me ;
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 Surely in us the hope
Of glory shall appear ;
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And see redemption near ;
Again I say, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

5 Who Jesu's suff'rings share,
My fellow-pris'ners now,
Ye soon the wreath shall wear
On your triumphant brow ;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

6 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove,
We shall in heart be pure
And perfected in love ;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

7 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise,
Let us give thanks, and sing,
And glory in his grace ;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

H Y M N LXXIV.

- 1 **F**OR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour dy'd!
- 2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own:
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

H Y M N LXXV.

- 1 **J**ESU, my life, thyself apply,
Thy holy spirit breathe:
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to thy death.
- 2 Conqu'ror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with thy rebel strive;
Enter my soul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive!
- 3 More of thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies:
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.
- 4 Reign in me, Lord, thy foes controul,
Who would not own thy sway;
Diffuse thine image through my soul,
Shine to the perfect day.

- 5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
 And seal me thine abode;
 O make me glorious all within,
 A temple built by God.

H Y M N LXXVI.

- 1 **H**OLY Lamb, who thee receive,
 Who in thee begin to live,
 Day and night they cry to thee,
 As thou art, so let us be!
- 2 Jesu, see my panting breast:
 See, I pant in thee to rest!
 Gladly would I now be clean:
 Cleanse me now from ev'ry sin.
- 3 Fix, O fix my wav'ring mind;
 To thy cross my spirit bind;
 Earthly passions far remove;
 Swallow up our souls in love.
- 4 Dust and ashes though we be,
 Full of guilt and misery,
 Thine we are, thou Son of God,
 Take the purchase of thy blood!
- 5 Who in heart on thee believes,
 He th' atonement now receives;
 He with joy beholds thy face,
 Triumphs in thy pard'ning grace.
- 6 See, ye sinners, see the flame
 Rising from the slaughter'd Lamb,
 Mark the new, the living way,
 Leading to eternal day!
- 7 Jesu, when this light we see,
 All our souls athirst for thee:
 When thy quick'ning pow'r we prove,
 All our heart dissolves in love.

8 Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine,
Love unspeakable are thine!
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heav'n.

H Y M N LXXVII.

- 1 **J**ESU, thou art our king,
To me thy succour bring;
Christ, the mighty one art thou,
Help for all on thee is laid;
This the word, I claim it now,
Send me now the promis'd aid.
- 2 High on thy Father's throne,
O look with pity down;
Help, O help! attend my call,
Captive lead captivity:
King of glory, Lord of all,
Christ, be Lord, be King to me!
- 3 I pant to feel thy sway,
And only thee to obey:
Thee my spirit gasps to meet;
This my one my ceaseless pray'r,
Make, O make my heart thy seat!
O set up thy kingdom there!
- 4 Triumph and reign in me,
And spread thy victory:
Hell, and death, and sin controul,
Pride, and wrath, and ev'ry foe,
All subdue: through all my soul
Conqu'ring and to conquer go!

H Y M N LXXVIII.

- 1 **L**ORD, I believe thy ev'ry word,
Thy ev'ry promise true;
And lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.

- 2 If in this feeble flesh I may
 Awhile show forth thy praise,
 Jesu, support the tott'ring clay,
 And lengthen out my days.
- 3 If such a worm as I can spread
 The common Saviour's name;
 Let him who rais'd thee from the dead,
 Quicken my mortal frame.
- 4 Still let me live thy blood to show,
 Which purges ev'ry stain;
 And gladly linger out below
 A few more years in pain.
- 5 Spare me, till I my strength of soul,
 Till I thy love retrieve;
 Till faith shall make my spirit whole,
 And perfect soundness give.
- 6 For this in stedfast hope I wait,
 Now, Lord, my soul restore;
 Now the new heav'ns and earth create,
 And I shall sin no more.

H Y M N LXXIX.

- 1 **L**OVE Divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of heaven to earth come down;
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown:
 Jesu, thou art all compassion,
 Pure unbounded love thou art;
 Visit us with thy salvation;
 Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into ev'ry troubled breast;
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find that second rest:

Take away our pow'r of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see thy great salvation
Perfectly restor'd in thee:
Chang'd from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee;
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

H Y M N LXXX.

1 **O** That my load of sin were gone;
O that I could at last submit
At Jesu's feet to lay it down!
To lay my soul at Jesu's feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred-sin,
And fully set my spirit free:
I cannot rest, till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
 Thy light and easy burden prove;
 The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
 The labour of thy dying love.
- 5 I would; but thou must give the pow'r,
 My heart from ev'ry sin release:
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
 And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- 6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
 Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay!
 Appear, in my poor heart appear!
 My God, my Saviour, come away!

H Y M N LXXXI.

- 1 **L**IGHT of life, seraphic fire,
 Love divine, thyself impart!
 Ev'ry fainting soul inspire;
 Shine in ev'ry drooping heart!
 Ev'ry mournful sinner cheer;
 Scatter all our guilty gloom!
 Son of God, appear, appear!
 To thy human temples come.

- 2 Come in this accepted hour;
 Bring thy heav'nly kingdom in!
 Fill us with the glorious pow'r,
 Rooting out the seeds of sin:
 Nothing more can we require;
 We will covet nothing less!
 Be thou all our heart's desire,
 All our joy, and all our peace!

H Y M N LXXXII.

- 1 **G**OD of all-redeeming grace,
 By thy pard'ning love compell'd,
 Up to thee our souls we raise,
 Up to thee our bodies yield:

Thou our sacrifice receive,
Acceptable through thy Son;
While to thee alone we live,
While we die to thee alone.

- 2 Meet it is, and just and right,
That we should be wholly thine;
In thy only will delight,
In thy blessed service join:
O that ev'ry work and word
Might proclaim how good thou art:
Holiness unto the Lord
Still be wrote upon our heart!

H Y M N LXXXIII.

- 1 **L**ET him to whom we now belong
His sov'reign right assert;
And take up ev'ry thankful song,
And ev'ry loving heart.

- 2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price!
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies.

- 3 Jesus, thine own at last receive!
Fulfil our heart's desire!
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

- 4 Our souls and bodies we resign:
With joy we render thee
Our All, no longer ours, but thine,
To all eternity.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the servant of the Lord!
I wait thy guiding eye to feel,
To hear and keep thy ev'ry word,
To prove and do thy perfect will;

Joyful from my own works to cease,
Glad to fulfil all righteousness.

- 2 Me if thy grace vouchsafe to use,
 Meanest of all thy creatures, me,
 The deed, the time, the manner chuse,
 Let all my fruit be found of thee :
 Let all my works in thee be wrought,
 By thee to full perfection brought.
- 3 My ev'ry weak, though good design,
 O'er-rule, or change, as seems thee meet ;
 Jesu, let all my work be thine !
 Thy work, O Lord, is all compleat,
 And pleasing in thy Father's sight ;
 Thou only hast done all things right.
- 4 Here then to thee thy own I leave,
 Mould as thou wilt thy passive clay ;
 But let me all thy stamp receive,
 But let me all thy words obey :
 Serve with a single heart and eye,
 And to thy glory live and die.

H Y M N LXXXV.

- 1 **F**ATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One in Three, and Three in One,
 As by the celestial host
 Let thy will on earth be done ; ,
 Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
 Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n.
- 3 If so poor a worm as I
 May to thy great glory live,
 All my actions sanctify,
 All my words and thoughts receive :
 Claim me for thy service, claim
 All I have, and all I am.

- 4 Take my soul and body's pow'rs ;
Take my mem'ry, mind, and will ;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel ;
All I think, or speak, or do :
Take my heart ; but make it new !
- 5 Now, O God, thy own I am !
Now I give thee back thy own ;
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone :
Thine I live, thrice happy I ;
Happy'r still if thine I die !
- 6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done :
Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n.

H Y M N LXXXVI.

- 1 **J**ESU, my truth, my way,
My sure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.
- 2 My wisdom and my guide,
My counsellor thou art :
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.
- 3 I lift my eyes to thee,
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlighten'd be,
And never put to shame.
- 4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause,
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

- 5 Teach me the happy art
In all things to depend
On thee; O never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end.
- 6 Still stir me up to strive
With thee in strength divine;
And ev'ry moment, Lord, revive
This fainting soul of mine.
- 7 Persist to save my soul,
Throughout the fi'ry hour,
Till I am ev'ry whit made whole,
And show forth all thy pow'r.
- 8 Through fire and water bring
Into the wealthy place;
And teach me the new song to sing,
When perfected in grace!
- 9 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove:
Settle, confirm, and stablish me,
And build me up in love.
- 10 Let me thy witness live,
When sin is all destroy'd;
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

H Y M N LXXXVII.

- 1 **L**O! in thy hand I lay,
And wait thy will to prove,
My Potter, stamp on me, thy clay,
Thy only stamp of love!
Be this my whole desire,
I know that it is thine;
Then kindle in my soul a fire,
Which shall for ever shine.

- 2 Thy gracious readineſs
To ſave mankind aſſert ;
Thy image, love, thy name impreſs,
Thy nature on my heart !
Bowels of mercy, hear,
Into my ſoul come down ;
Let it throughout my life appear,
That I have Chriſt put on.
- 3 O plant in me thy mind !
O fix in me thy home !
So ſhall I cry to all mankind,
Come, to the waters, come !
Jeſus is full of grace ;
To all his bowels move :
Behold in me, ye fallen race,
That God is only love !

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

- 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim ;
Be thou my hope, my joy, my reſt !
The glories that compoſe thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me bleſt.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou juſt and wiſe,
Thou art my Father and my God !
And I am thine, by ſacred ties,
Thy ſon, thy ſervant bought with blood.
- 3 With heart and eyes and liſted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look ;
As travellers in thirſty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 Even life itſelf, without thy love,
No laſting pleaſure can afford ;
Yea, 'twould a tireſome burthen prove
If I were baniſh'd from thee, Lord !

Impreſs - 15.

- 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice;
 While I have breath to pray or praise;
 This work shall make my heart rejoice,
 And spend the remnant of my days.

H Y M N LXXXIX.

- 1 **O** Thou, to whose all-searching sight
 The darkness shineth as the light,
 Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
 O burst these bonds and set it free!
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
 Nail my affections to the cross!
 Hallow each thought; let all within
 Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
 Be thou my light, be thou my way;
 No foes, no violence I fear,
 No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
 When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
 Jesu, thy timely aid impart,
 And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
 Dauntless, untir'd I follow thee;
 O let thy hand support me still,
 And lead me to thy holy hill!
- 6 If rough and thorny be the way,
 My strength proportion to my day;
 Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
 Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

H Y M N XC.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou everlasting King,
 Accept the tribute which we bring,
 Accept thy well-deserv'd renown,
 And wear our praises as thy crown.

P E T I T I O N.

- 2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee :
Like the blest hour when from above
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay !
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold !
- 4 Each following minute as it flies
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are rais'd to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

H Y M N XCI.

- 1 **C**OME, Lord, from above,
The mountains remove,
O'erturn all that hinders the course of thy love :
My bosom inspire,
Inkindle the fire,
And wrap my whole soul in the flames of desire.
- 2 I languish and pine
For the comfort divine,
O when shall I say, my Beloved is mine ?
I have chose the good part,
My portion thou art,
O love, I have found thee, O God, in my heart.
- 3 For this my heart sighs,
Nothing else can suffice ;
How, Lord, can I purchase the pearl of great price ?
It cannot be bought,
And thou know'st I have nought,
Not an action, a word, or a truly good thought.
- 4 But I hear a voice say,
Without money ye may
Receive it, whoever have nothing to pay :

P E T I T I O N .

Who on Jesus relies,
Without money or price,
The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys.

5 The blessing is free,
So, Lord, let it be;
I yield that thy love should be given to me.
I freely receive
What thou freely dost give,
And consent in thy love, in thine Eden to live.

6 The gift I embrace,
The giver I praise,
And ascribe my salvation to Jesus's grace;
It came from above,
The foretaste I prove,
And I soon shall receive all thy fulness of love.

H Y M N X C I I .

x **A**ND can I yet delay
My little All to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?
Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more;
I sink by dying love compell'd,
And own thee conqueror!

2 Though late I all forsake,
My friends, my All resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine!
Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle, and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

- 3 My one desire be this,
 Thy only love to know :
 To seek and taste no other bliss,
 No other good below.
 My life, my portion thou,
 Thou all-sufficient art,
 My hope, my heav'nly treasure, now
 Enter, and keep my heart !

H Y M N X C I I I .

- 1 **T**HOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
 The joy and desire of my heart,
 For closer communion I pine,
 I long to reside where thou art :
 The pasture I languish to find,
 Where all who their Shepherd obey,
 Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
 Are screen'd from the heat of the day.
- 2 Ah ! shew me that happiest place,
 The place of thy people's abode,
 Where saints in an extacy gaze,
 And hang on a crucify'd God :
 Thy love for a sinner declare,
 Thy passion and death on the tree ;
 My spirit to Calvary bear,
 To suffer and triumph with thee.
- 3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
 There only I covet to rest,
 To lie at the foot of the rock,
 Or rise to be hid in thy breast :
 'Tis there I would always abide,
 And never a moment depart ;
 Conceal'd in the cliff of thy side,
 Eternally held in thy heart.

P E T I T I O N.

H Y M N X C I V.

- 1 **J**ESU, my Lord, attend
 Thy feeble creature's cry;
 And shew thyself the sinner's friend,
 And set me up on high.
 From hell's oppressive pow'r
 My struggling soul release;
 And to thy Father's grace restore,
 And to thy perfect peace.
- 2 Thy blood and righteousness
 I make my only plea;
 My present and eternal peace
 Are both deriv'd from thee.
 Rivers of life divine
 From thee, their fountain, flow,
 And all who know that love of thine,
 The joy of angels know.
- 3 Come then, impute, impart
 To me thy righteousness,
 And let me taste how good thou art,
 How full of truth and grace:
 That thou canst here forgive,
 Grant me to testify,
 And justified by faith to live,
 And in that faith to die.

H Y M N X C V.

- 1 **B**EING of Beings, God of Love,
 To thee our hearts we raise:
 Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
 And gladly sing thy praise.
- 2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be,
 Our sacrifice receive:
 Made, and preserv'd, and sav'd by Thee,
 To thee ourselves we give.

- 3 Heav'n-ward our ev'ry wish aspires ;
For all thy mercy's store,
The sole return thy love requires
Is that we ask for more.
- 4 For more we ask ; we open then
Our hearts t' embrace thy will :
Turn and beget us, Lord, again :
With all thy fulness fill.
- 5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad !
So shall we ever live and move,
And be with Christ in God.

H Y M N XCVI.

- 1 **O** Sun of Righteousness, arise
With healing in thy wing,
To my diseas'd, my fainting soul,
Life and salvation bring.
- 2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel
By thy all-piercing beam ;
Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.
- 3 My mind by thy all-quick'ning pow'r
From low desires set free ;
Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.
- 4 Father, thy long-lost son receive :
Saviour, thy purchase own ;
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown.
- 5 Eternal, undivided Lord,
Co-equal One and Three,
On thee all faith, all hope be plac'd,
All love be paid to thee.

P E T I T I O N.

H Y M N XCVII.

- 1 **S**ON of God, thy blessing grant,
Still supply our ev'ry want;
Tree of life, thy influence shed,
With thy sap my spirit feed.
- 2 Tenderest branch, alas! am I,
Wither without thee and die,
Weak as helpless infancy;
O confirm my soul in thee.
- 3 Unsustain'd by thee I fall;
Send the help for which I call:
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I ev'ry moment need.
- 4 All my hopes on thee depend;
Love me, save me to the end:
Give me the continuing grace;
Take the everlasting praise.

H Y M N XCVIII.

- 1 **L**ORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow:
O! do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend:
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;

Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return ;
Those that are cast down lift up ;
Make them strong in faith and hope !
- 6 Grant that all may seek, and find
Thee a gracious God and kind :
Heal the sick, the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in thee !

H Y M N X C I X .

- 1 C O M E, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise !
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.
- 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall !
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stay'd :
Lord, hear our call.
- 3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our pray'r attend :
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success ;
Spirit of holiness
On us descend.

- 4 Come, holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour :
 Thou who almighty art,
 Now rule in ev'ry heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of pow'r.
- 5 To the great One in Three
 Eternal praises be,
 Hence——evermore !
 His sov'reign Majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

H Y M N C.

- 1 **O**F him who did salvation bring,
 I could for ever think and sing ;
 Arise ye guilty, he'll forgive ;
 Arise ye needy, he'll relieve.
- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo ! 'tis given ;
 Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven :
 Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
 Jesu, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood,
 He clos'd his eyes to shew us God ;
 Let all the world fall down and know
 That none but God such love could show.
- 4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
 I shed my tears and make my moan ;
 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
 I meet the object of my love.
- 5 Insatiate to this spring I fly ;
 I drink, and yet am ever dry :

Ah ! who against thy charms is proof !

Ah ! who that loves can love enough !

H Y M N C I .

- 1 **H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see ;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,
Have lost all their sweetness with me :
The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice ;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice :
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear ;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
My All to his pleasure resign'd ;
No changes of season or place,
Would make any change in my mind :
While blest'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear ;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song ;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long ?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

P E T I T I O N.

H Y M N CII.

- 1 **C**OME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace!
Streams of mercy never-ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixt upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love!
- 2 Here I raise mine Eben-ezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus fought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood!
- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it from thy courts above!

H Y M N CIII.

- 1 **J**ESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
Great builder of thy church below,
If now thy spirit moves my breast,
Hear, and fulfil thine own request.
- 2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And thee their utmost Saviour own,
Unite, and perfect them in one.

- 3 O let them all thy mind exprefs,
Stand forth thy chofen witneffes :
Thy power unto falvation fhew,
And perfect holinefs below.
- 4 In them let all mankind behold
How Chriftians liv'd in days of old ;
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach—and love.
- 5 O might my lot be caft with thefe,
The leaft of Jefu's witneffes !
O that my Lord would count me meet
To wafh his dear difciples feet !
- 6 This only thing do I require :
Thou know'ft 'tis all my heart's defire ;
Freely what I receive to give,
The fervant of thy church to live.
- 7 After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon thy faints below,
Enjoy the grace to angels giv'n,
And ferve the royal heirs of heav'n.
- 8 Lord, if I now thy drawings feel,
And ask according to thy will ;
Confirm the prayer, the feal impart,
And fpeak the answer to my heart.
- 9 Tell me, or thou fhalt never go,
" Thy prayer is heard, it fhall be fo ;"
The word hath paff'd thy lips, and I
Shall with thy people live and die.

H Y M N C I V .

- 1 **E**VER fainting with defire,
For thee, O Chrift, I call !
Thee I reftlefsly require,
I want my God, my All.

Jesu, dear redeeming Lord,
 I wait thy coming from above :
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.

2 Wilt thou suffer me to go
 Lamenting all my days ?
 Shall I never, never know
 Thy sanctifying grace ?
 Wilt thou not the light afford,
 The darkness from my soul remove ?
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.

3 Lord, if I on thee believe,
 The second gift impart ;
 With th' indwelling spirit give
 A new, a contrite heart ;
 If with love thy heart is stor'd,
 If now o'er me thy bowels move,
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.

4 Let me gain my calling's hope,
 O make the sinner clean !
 Dry corruption's fountain up,
 Cut off th' intail of sin :
 Take me into thee my Lord,
 And I shall then no longer rove :
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.

5 Thou, my life, my treasure be,
 My portion here below !
 Nothing would I seek but thee,
 Thee only would I know :
 My exceeding great reward,
 My heav'n on earth, my heav'n above :
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.

- 6 Grant me now the bliss to feel
Of those that are in thee :
Son of God, thyself reveal,
Engrave thy name on me ;
As in heav'n be here ador'd,
And let me now the promise prove :
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

H Y M N C V.

- 1 **M**Y God ! I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renew'd I am.
- 2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
But will not let thee go,
Till stedfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.
- 3 Jesu, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad !
'Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixt in God.
- 4 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow !
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow !
- 5 O that it now from heav'n might fall,
And all my sins consume ;
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come.
- 6 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul ;
Scatter thy life through ev'ry part,
And sanctify the whole.

P E T I T I O N.

- 7 Sorrow and sin shall then expire,
While enter'd into rest,
I only live my God to admire,
My God for ever blest.
- 8 My steadfast soul from falling free,
Shall then no longer move;
But Christ be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.

H Y M N C VI.

- 1 **W**HAT now is my object and aim?
What now is my hope and desire?
To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after his image aspire.
My hope is all center'd in thee:
I trust to recover thy love;
On earth thy salvation to see,
And then to enjoy it above.
- 2 I thirst for a life-giving God,
A God that on Calvary died;
A fountain of water and blood,
Which gush'd from Immanuel's side!
I gasp for the stream of thy love,
The spirit of rapture unknown;
And then to re-drink it above,
Eternally fresh from the throne.

H Y M N C VII.

- * 1 **J**ESU, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare,
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there!
Thine wholly, thine alone I am;
Be thou alone my constant flame!

- 2 O grant that nothing in my soul
 May dwell but thy pure love alone !
 O may thy love possess me whole !
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown ;
 Strange flames far from my heart remove ;
 My ev'ry act, word, thought, be love.
- 3 O Love, how cheering is thy ray !
 All pain before thy presence flies ;
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
 Where'er thy healing beams arise :
 O Jesu, nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire or seek but thee !
- 4 Unweary'd may I this pursue,
 Dauntless to the high prize aspire :
 Hourly within my soul renew
 This holy flame, this heav'nly fire :
 And day and night be all my care
 To guard this sacred treasure there.
- 5 O that I as a little child
 May follow thee and never rest ;
 Till sweetly thou hast breath'd thy mild
 And lowly mind into my breast !
 Nor ever may we parted be,
 Till I become one spirit with thee.
- 6 Still let thy love point out my way :
 How wondrous things thy love hath wrought :
 Still lead me, lest I go astray ;
 Direct my word, inspire my thought ;
 And if I fall soon may I hear
 Thy voice, and know that love is near.
- 7 In suffering be thy love my peace,
 In weakness be thy love my pow'r ;
 And when the flocks of life shall cease,
 Jesu, in that important hour !
 In death, as life, be thou my guide,
 And save me, who for me hast dy'd !

P E T I T I O N.

H Y M N C VIII.

- 1 **H**OLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will;
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.
- 2 Open my faith's interior eye:
Display thy glory from above;
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love!
- 3 Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace:
I would be by myself abhorr'd:
All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory be to Christ my Lord!
- 4 Now let me gain perfection's height;
Now let me into nothing fall,
As less than nothing in thy sight,
And feel that Christ is All in all!

H Y M N C IX.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR of the sin-sick soul,
Give me faith to make me whole;
Finish thy great work of grace!
Cut it short in righteousness.
- 2 Speak the second time, "Be clean!"
Take away my inbred sin:
Ev'ry stumbling-block remove;
Cast it out by perfect love.
- 3 Nothing less will I require,
Nothing more can I desire:
None but Christ to me be giv'n!
None but Christ in earth or heav'n.
- 4 O that I might now decrease!
O that all I am might cease!
Let me into nothing fall!
Let my Lord be All in all!

H Y M N CX.

- 1 **L**ORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known,
A rest, where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art lov'd alone.
- 2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fixt on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the pow'r bestow,
And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
'To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.
- 5 I would be thine, thou know'st I would,
And have thee all my own:
Thee, O my all-sufficient good!
I want, and thee alone.
- 6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant!
This, only this, be giv'n;
Nothing beside my God I want,
Nothing in earth or heav'n.
- 7 Come, O my Saviour, come away,
Into my soul descend;
No longer from thy creature stay,
My author, and my end!
- 8 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
Let all be lost in God!

H Y M N CXI.

- 1 **O** Joyful sound of gospel-grace,
Christ shall in me appear !
I, even I, shall see his face ;
I shall be holy here.
- 2 The glorious crown of right'ousness
To me reach'd out I view ;
Conqu'ror through him, I soon shall seize
And wear it as my due.
- 3 The promis'd land from Filgah's top
I now exult to see ;
My hope is full (O glorious hope !)
Of immortality.
- 4 He visits now the house of clay ;
He shakes his future home :
O wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into thy temple come.
- 5 With me I know, I feel thou art,
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.
- 6 My earth thou wat'rest from on high,
But make it all a pool :
Spring up, O well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul.
- 7 Come, O my God, thyself reveal !
Fill all this mighty void :
Thou only canst my spirit fill ;
Come, O my God, my God !
- 8 Fulfil, fulfil my large desires,
Large as infinity !
Give, give me all my soul requires,
All, all that is in thee !

H Y M N CXII.

- 1 **J**ESUS hath dy'd, that I might live,
 Might live to God alone;
 In him eternal life receive,
 And be in spirit one.
- 2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
 The gift unspeakable;
 And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
 And all thy love to feel.
- 3 My soul breaks out in strong desire,
 The perfect bliss to prove;
 My longing heart is all on fire
 To be dissolv'd in love.
- 4 Give me thyself, from ev'ry boast,
 From ev'ry wish set free;
 Let all I am in thee be lost;
 But give thyself to me.
- 5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
 Unless thyself be giv'n:
 Thy presence makes my paradise,
 And where thou art is heav'n!

H Y M N CXIII.

- 1 **T**HOU great mysterious God unknown,
 Whose love hath gently led me on,
 Ev'n from my infant days,
 Mine inmost Soul expose to view,
 And tell me if I never knew
 Thy justifying grace.
- 2 If I have only known thy fear,
 And follow'd, with an heart sincere,
 Thy drawings from above;

Now, now the farther grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.

- 3 Short of thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the gospel-hope,
The sense of sin forgiv'n :
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without thy inward witness live,
That antepast of heav'n.
- 4 If now the witness were in me,
Would he not testify of thee,
In Jesus reconcil'd ?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly Abba Father cry,
I know myself thy child ?
- 5 Ah never let thy servant rest,
'Till of my part in Christ possess,
I on thy mercy feed :
Unworthy of the crumbs that fall,
Yet rais'd by him who dy'd for all,
To eat the children's bread.
- 6 Whate'er obstructs thy pard'ning love,
Or sin, or righteousness remove,
Thy glory to display ;
Mine heart of unbelief convince,
And now absolve me from my sins,
And take them all away.

H Y M N CXIV.

- 1 **M**Y hope, my Ail, my Saviour thou,
To thee, lo ! now my soul I bow,
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find the Saviour in my heart,
- 2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way,
Protect me through my life's short day ;

- In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.
- 3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me,
As I have need, my Saviour be ;
And if I would from thee depart,
Then clasp me, Saviour, to thy heart.
- 4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour
Save me from sin and Satan's pow'r ;
Tear ev'ry idol from thy throne,
And reign my Saviour—reign alone.
- 5 My suff'ring time shall soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more ;
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless Day.

H Y M N CXV.

- 1 JESUS, the all-sustaining word,
My fallen spirit's hope,
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
O when shall I wake up.
- 2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
The life, the truth, the way :
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.
- 3 Of all thou hast in earth below,
In heav'n above to give,
Give me thine only self to know,
In thee to walk and live.
- 4 Fill me with all the life of love,
In mystic union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.

5 Open the intercourse between,
 My longing soul and thee,
 Never to be broke off again,
 Thro' all eternity.

H Y M N CXVI.

- 1 **H**OW vain are all things here below,
 How false, and yet how fair!
 Each pleasure hath its poison too,
 And ev'ry sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
 Give but a flatt'ring light;
 We should suspect some danger nigh,
 Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
 The partners of our blood,
 How they divide our wav'ring minds,
 And leave but half for God!
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
 How strong it strikes the sense;
 Thither the warm affections move,
 Nor can we call 'em thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
 My soul's eternal food;
 And grace command my heart away
 From all created good.

R E J O I C I N G.

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H Y M N CXVII.

1 **C**OME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne:
Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heav'nly king
May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas:
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin:
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow:
Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry:
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

REJOICING.

H Y M N CXVIII.

- 1 **A** Christ I have, O what a Christ have I !
He built the globe ! he spread the starry sky !
And yet for me, and Adam's sinful race,
He bled and dy'd to manifest his grace !
- 2 A Christ have I, O what a Christ I have !
He's able to the uttermost to save
From Satan's rage, from sin, the guilt, the pow'r ;
From death, from hell, when this short life is o'er.
- 3 A Christ I have, do but my Christ behold !
He's more to me than worlds of solid gold ;
My treasure neither wastes nor knows decay,
His love creates my peace and makes my day.
- 4 A Christ I have, O what a Christ is he,
Not dazzled angels half his glory see !
Yet he to me his precious love reveals,
And with his matchless grace my spirit fills.
- 5 A Christ I have, and my dear Christ hath me,
O may we never disunited be !
But may our fellowship sublimer grow,
And joys above succeed to joys below.

H Y M N CXIX.

He hath done all things well, MARK vii. 37.

- 1 **N**OW in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise ;
With all his saints I'll join to tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 2 All worlds his glorious pow'r confess,
His wisdom all his works express ;
But O his love, what tongue can tell !
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 3 How sovereign, wonderful, and free
Has been THIS LOVE to sinful me ;

This pluck'd me from the jaws of hell—
My Jesus has done all things well.

4 I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws,
And yet he undertook my cause,
To save me, tho' I did rebel!
My Jesus has done all things well.

5 And since my soul has known his love,
What mercies hath he made me prove!
Mercies which do all praise excel.
My Jesus has done all things well.

6 Tho' many a fiery flaming dart
The Tempter levels at my heart;
With this I all his rage repel,
My Jesus has done all things well.

7 Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
And in his arms shall lose my breath;
Yet then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

8 And when to that bright world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies,
Above the rest THIS NOTE shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

H Y M N CXX.

1 **H**APPY the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy beyond description he
Who knows the Saviour dy'd for me,
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heav'nly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! Who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?

Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross, compar'd to her.

4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches and immortal praise;
Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
And honour, that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flow'ry paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy who his guest retains:
He owns, and shall for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heav'n are one.

H Y M N CXXI.

1 **H**APPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And sav'd by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heav'n on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne!
We in the kingdom of thy grace;
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holy'st leads;
From thence our spirits rise:
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

REJOICING.

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H Y M N CXXII.

- 1 **L**ET earth and heav'n agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;
T'adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesu's name.
- 2 Jesus, transporting sound,
The joy of earth and heav'n;
No other help is found,
No other name is giv'n,
By which we can salvation have,
But Jesus came the world to save.
- 3 Jesus, harmonious name,
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heav'n to see our Jesu's face.
- 4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.
- 5 Stung by the scorpion sin,
My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole:
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel he dy'd for me.
- 6 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race:

REJOICING.

What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done !

- 7 O for a trumpet-voice,
On all the world to call ;
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who dy'd for all !
For all my Lord was crucify'd !
For all, for all my Saviour dy'd !
- 8 To serve thy blessed will,
Thy dying love to praise,
Thy counsel to fulfil,
And minister thy grace ;
Freely what I receive to give,
The life of heav'n on earth I live.

H Y M N CXXIII.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears ;
Before the throne my surety stands ;
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede ;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead :
His blood aton'd for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary ;
They pour effectual pray'rs,
They strongly speak for me :
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry !
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed one ;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son :
His spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconcil'd,
His pard'ning voice I hear ;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear :
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry !

H Y M N CXXIV.

1 **M**Y God, I am thine,
What a comfort divine ;
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine !
In the heavenly Lamb
Thrice happy I am,
And my heart it doth dance at the sound of his name.

2 True pleasures abound
In the rapturous sound ;
And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found.
My Jesus to know,
And feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below !

3 Yet onward I haste
To the heav'nly feast ;
That, that is the fulness ; but this is the taste ;
And this I shall prove,
Till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

H Y M N CXXV.

1 **T**HY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

REJOICING.

- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear,
That sav'd, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.
- 3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To ev'ry soul abound;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plent'ous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore!
- 5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are!
A rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love!
- 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
This goodness must endure.

H Y M N CXXVI.

- 1 **H**AIL happy day, a day of holy rest,
When saints assemble, and on dainties feast;
When all in smiles the God of grace descends,
Opens his stores, and entertains his friends.
- 2 Why Lord to man should thou such favour shew,
Who shun'd thine arms and sought thine overthrow
Why but because thy tender bowels flow'd,
And matchless mercy is becoming God.
- 3 This made thee leave thy royal seat above,
And veil'd the God to manifest his love;

REJOICING.

III

- Made thee in form of sinful flesh appear,
Thy creature's rage and Father's wrath to bear.
- 4 A vile and cruel death this made thee die,
Thy precious blood was spilt my bliss to buy,
Wrath to appease, my furious foes controul,
And from eternal ruin save my soul.
- 5 Amazing sloop of majesty divine,
Here love doth in its utmost lustre shine;
O let it raise esteem in mortals higher,
And my whole soul with holy rapture fire.
- 6 What heart the pow'rful influ'nce can withstand,
Or who refuse to bow to love's command;
I'm conquer'd Lord, and willingly resign
Myself to thee, to be for ever thine.
- 7 With every idol now I'll freely part,
And tear each rival passion from my heart;
I'll doom to death the sins I lov'd before,
Tho' once I pierc'd—I'll grieve my God no more.
- 8 Thus I resolve, but mine's a fickle heart,
To keep it firm, thy mighty aid impart;
Breathe on my soul, and holy love inspire,
Help to perform, then what thou wilt require.

H Y M N CXXVII.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.
- 2 Thy ransom'd servant I
Restore to thee thy own;
And from this moment live or die
To serve my God alone.

H Y M N CXXVIII.

1 **O** Tell me no more
Of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found,
Where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determin'd in that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe,
In Paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive:
My soul, don't delay,
He calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know
What he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort, go after him go:
Lo onward I move,
To a country above,
None guesses how wond'rous my journey will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win,
From death, hell, and sin,
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within:
And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find,
We two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind:
So this is the race
I'm running thro' grace,
Henceforth till admitted to see my Lord's face.

6 And now I'm in care,
My neighbours may share
These blessings, to seek them will none of you dare?

In bondage, O why
And death will you lie,
When one here assures you true grace is so nigh ?

H Y M N CXXIX.

- 1 **A**ND must this body die,
This well-wrought frame decay ?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay ?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
'Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.
- 3 God my Redeemer lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face
Be heav'nly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love ;
O may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy grace above.
- 6 Saviour, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
'Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise
With our immortal tongues.

H Y M N CXXX.

- 1 **F**AR above yon glorious ceiling
Of the azure vaulted sky,
Jesus sits, his love revealing
To the splendid troops on high.

R E J O I C I N G.

Hosts, seraphic, humbly bowing,
 At his footstool prostrate fall;
 Saints and angels all avowing,
 God in Christ their all in all.

- 2 Could we leave our foolish dreaming
 Of a fancy'd heav'n below,
 And see Jesu's glory beaming,
 How our souls would long to go.
 Earth by us would then be spurned,
 All its vanities subside;
 Fuel fitting to be burned,
 Are its honours, pleasure, pride.
- 3 From the general conflagration,
 We should to its refuge fly,
 Clasp the hope of our salvation,
 Live in Christ, in Jesus die.
 We in him our rest regaining,
 All his blessedness should prove;
 O'er our foes victorious reigning,
 Perfected in spotless love.
- 4 We should for his day be waiting,
 When the full reward is giv'n;
 When his glorious work compleating,
 Jesus takes his church to heav'n.
 Pure from every stain of nature,
 Here in holiness to shine;
 Modell'd like its great Creator,
 All immortal, all divine.

H Y M N CXXXI.

(SPOKEN EXTEMPORARY.)

- 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man asham'd of Thee?
 Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor,
 My soul shall scorn it more and more.

- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far,
Let evening blush to own a star:
Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom for heav'n my hopes depend;
No, if I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus! yes I may
When I've no sin to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
Or no immortal soul to save.
- 5 'Till then, nor is the boasting vain,
'Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my portion be,
The Saviour not ashamed of me.

H Y M N CXXXII.

- 1 **H**E dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around,
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load!
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But, lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb:
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster death in chains:
 Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King!
 "Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
 Then ask the monster—"where's thy sting?
 And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

H Y M N CXXXIII.

- 1 **T**HE despis'd Nazarene,
 Who is chief in my esteem;
 Mark'd with scourges, nails, and spear,
 Hung an ensign in the air.
 None among the sons of men,
 None among the heav'nly train,
 Can with my belov'd compare,
 Who to me is ever dear.
- 2 Had I Gabriel's heav'nly tongue,
 He should ever be my song;
 Object of my present bliss,
 Subject of my future praise.
 Ravish'd I'm beyond degree,
 While I view Him on the tree;
 All his wounds and bruises are
 To my soul exceeding fair.
- 3 Other lovers I despise;
 Mine is gone beyond the skies:
 Earthly things are far too mean
 To divert me from the Lamb.
 How, my Lord, shall I set forth
 All thy dignity and worth!
 Human words cannot express
 Half thy love or half thy praise.
- 4 From thy fulness me supply
 Of thy grace to testify

Let my fellow-creatures prove
What is tasted in thy love.
Soul and body sink with shame,
While I Thee, my Saviour, name:
Soul and body, Lord, set free
In the gospel liberty.

H Y M N CXXXIV.

FOR PILGRIMS.

- 1 **Y**E happy Pilgrims come,
Your drooping spirits raise,
Our Jesus soon will take us home
To sing his endless praise.

C H O R U S.

*Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
We are on our journey home.*

- 2 Rise, this is not our rest,
Why seek it here in vain?
When ready for the marriage-feast,
We there our rest shall gain.
Hallelujah, &c.

- 3 We rest from sin below,
From suff'ring up on high,
If in the ways of grace we go
To glory in the sky.
Hallelujah, &c.

- 4 As strangers here we live,
Nor 'biding city find;
And all our hearts to Jesus give,
And leave the world behind.
Hallelujah, &c.

- 5 Thus saints in antient days
A country sought above,
And hasten'd there with songs of praise
And hearts inflam'd with love.
Hallelujah, &c.

6 Their steps let us pursue,
And fight our passage through,
And always keep the prize in view
'Till we arrive there too.

Hallelujah, &c.

7 The prize—behold how bright,
It glitters thro' the sky!
Haste, Pilgrims haste, and run, and fight,
And seize the crown so nigh.

Hallelujah, &c.

H Y M N CXXXV.

1 **O** Thou to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Thro' all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name.

2 In heav'n thy wond'rous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;
And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

3 What's man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To him so wond'rous kind?

C H O R U S.

*To that great undivided Three,
One God, whom heav'n and earth adore,
As 'twas and is, all glory be,
'Till time itself shall be no more. Hallelujah.*

H Y M N CXXXVI.

1 **P**LUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glim'ring day.

- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O, amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

H Y M N CXXXVII.

- 1 **V**AIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature-good,
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood!
All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucify'd!
- 2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity:
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me!
Me to save from endless woe,
The sin-atoning victim dy'd!
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucify'd!

- 3 Here will I set up my rest,
 My fluctuating heart
 From the haven of his breast
 Shall never more depart:
 Whither should a sinner go?
 His wounds for me stand open wide;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucify'd!
- 4 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end;
 This is all my happiness
 On Jesus to depend;
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide:
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucify'd!
- 5 O that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove:
 Shew the length, and breadth, and height,
 And depth of Jesu's love!
 Fain I would to sinners shew
 The blood by faith alone apply'd:
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucify'd!

H Y M N CXXXVIII.

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,
 Thou sov'reign Lord of all;
 Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
 And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
 Or virtue lies distressed
 Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
 Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

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- 3 The Lord supports our infant days,
And guides our giddy youth :
Holy and just are all thy ways,
And all thy works are truth.
- 4 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel ;
Thou hear'st thy children's cry,
And their best wishes to fulfil
Thy grace is ever nigh.
- 5 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere ;
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.
- 6 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy Name abroad :
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.

H Y M N CXXXIX.

- 1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun ;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shews his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his,
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

REJOICING.

- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe;
 The wings of love and arms of faith
 Would bear me conqueror through.

H Y M N CXL.

- 1 **T**HY daily mercies, O my God,
 My waking thoughts employ,
 And while I meditate on thee,
 My heart is fill'd with joy.
- 2 Thou giv'st me rest upon my bed,
 Soft slumber to my eyes;
 Thy goodness is again renew'd
 When in the morn' I rise.
- 3 Throughout the business of the day
 Thine arm does me uphold,
 Amidst the terrors of the night
 Thy presence makes me bold.
- 4 Whether in sickness or in health,
 Thy grace does me sustain:
 Let me, O Lord, thy favour have,
 And I shall ne'er complain.
- 5 Aided by thee, I need not fear
 The frowns of rich or great;
 Their pomp and wealth I covet not,
 Nor envy all their state.
- 6 Altho' the fig-tree blossom not,
 Nor vineyard yield increase,
 In thee, my Saviour and my God,
 To joy I will not cease.
- 7 Yea, tho' the world by storms be tost,
 And crumbled into dust,
 Yet still in thee, my only hope,
 I will securely trust.

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H Y M N CXLI.

1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, (a shining frame!)
Their great Original proclaim.
Th'unwearied sun from day to day,
Doth his Creator's pow'r display;
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

Mr Addison

H Y M N CXLII.

1 **T**HE voice of my beloved sounds,
While o'er the mountain-tops he bounds,
He flies exulting o'er the hills,
And all my soul with transport fills;
Gently doth he chide my stay,
"Rise, my love, and come away."

- 2 The scatter'd clouds are fled at last,
 The rain is gone, the winter past;
 The lovely vernal flow'rs appear,
 The warbling choir enchant our ear;
 Now, with sweetly pensive moan,
 Cooes the turtle-dove alone.

H Y M N CXLIII.

- 1 **H**ARK! how the Gospel Trumpet sounds,
 Thro' all the earth the echo bounds:
 And Jesus by redeeming blood,
 Is bringing sinners back to God;
 And guides them safely by his word,
 To endless day.
- 2 Hail, all victorious conqu'ring Lord,
 Be thou by all thy works ador'd,
 Who undertook for sinful man,
 And brought salvation through thy name,
 That we with thee may ever reign
 In endless day.
- 3 Fight on, ye conqu'ring souls, fight on,
 And when the conquest you have won,
 Then palms of victory you shall bear,
 And in his kingdom have a share,
 And crowns of glory ever wear,
 In endless day.
- 4 There we shall in sweet chorus join,
 And saints and angels all combine,
 To sing of his redeeming love,
 When rolling years shall cease to move,
 And this shall be our theme above,
 In endless day.

H Y M N CXLIV.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High priest above;
 His heart is made of tenderness,
 His bowels melt with love.

- 1 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out strong cries and tears;
And in his measure feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

H Y M N CXLV.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment;
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its pow'r
I sinn'd, and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY,"

- 5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
 Shalt take me to thee whose I am:
 Nothing but sin I thee can give,
 Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round
 What a dear Saviour I have found;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, "Behold the way to God."

H Y M N CXLVI.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heav'nly King,
 As we journey let us sing;
 Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways!
- 2 We are trav'ling home to God,
 In the way the fathers trod:
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O, ye banish'd seed, be glad!
 Christ our Advocate is made;
 Us to save our flesh assumes,
 Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of our land;
 Jesus Christ, our Father's son,
 Bids us undismay'd go on.
- 5 Lord! obediently we'll go,
 Gladly leaving all below;
 Only thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow thee!

H Y M N CXLVII.

- 1 **W**ORLD, adieu! thou real cheat,
 Oft have thy deceitful charms
 Fill'd my heart with fond conceit,
 Foolish hopes, and false alarms:

- Now I see as clear as day
How thy follies pass away.
- 2 Vain thy entertaining sights,
False thy promises renew'd,
All the pomp of thy delights
Does but flatter and delude:
Thee I quit for heav'n above,
Object of the noblest love.
- 3 Foolish vanity—farewel—
More inconstant than the wave,
Where thy soothing fancies dwell,
Purest tempers they deprave:
He, to whom I fly from thee,
Jesus Christ shall set me free.
- 4 Let not, Lord, my wand'ring mind
Follow after fleeting toys,
Since in thee alone I find
Solid and substantial joys:
Joys that never over-past,
Thro' eternity shall last.

H Y M N CXLVIII.

- 1 **M**Y God, my portion, and my love;
My everlasting All,
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod?
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.
- 3 In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light:
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

- 4 And whilst upon my restless bed
Amongst the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shews his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.
- 5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.
- 6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee?
Or what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me!
- 7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars mine own;
Without thy graces, and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.
- 8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore,
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

H Y M N CXLIX.

- 1 **O** Glorious hope of perfect love,
It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagle's wings:
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesu's priests and kings.
- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

- 3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
With ev'ry blessing blest :
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.
- 4 O that I might at once go up,
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess ;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrow, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
An howling wilderness.
- 5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in,
Cast out thy foes ; the inbred sin,
The carnal mind remove :
The purchase of thy death divide ;
And Oh ! with all the sanctify'd,
Give me a lot of love.

H Y M N C L.

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glories shine,
How high thy wonders rise !
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.
Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill :
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.
- 2 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ,
They shew the labour of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet :

But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms.

- 3 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.
Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains,
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

- 4 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.



P R A I S E.

H Y M N C L I.

- 1 **O** What shall I do my Saviour to praise!
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace!
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,
The weakest believer that hangs upon him!
- 2 How happy the man whose heart is set free,
The people that can be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.
- 3 Their daily delight shall be in thy name,
They shall as their right thy righteousness claim;

Thy righteousness wearing, and cleans'd by thy blood,

Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.

4 For thou art their boast, their glory, and pow'r ;
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.

5 For Jesus my Lord is now my defence ;
I trust in his word, none plucks me from thence ;
Since I have found favour, he all things will do :
My King and my Saviour shall make me anew.

6 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own,
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known :
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe,

H Y M N CLII.

1 I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Of immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God ; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
His truth for ever stands secure !
He saves th'oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind,
The Lord supports the fainting mind ;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

- 4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

H Y M N CLIII.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord ! 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in his praise :
His nature and his works invite,
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames ;
He counts their numbers, calls their names ;
His wisdom's vast and knows no bound,
A deep, where all our thoughts are drown'd !
- 3 Sing to the Lord ; exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky ;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn :
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 5 What is the creature's skill or force,
The sprightly man, or warlike horse ?
The piercing wit, the active limb,
All are too mean delights for him.
- 6 But saints are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight !
He sees their hope, he knows their fear ;
And looks, and loves his image there.

H Y M N CLIV.

- 1 **H**OW do thy mercies close me round,
 For ever be thy name ador'd!
 I blush in all things to abound:
 The servant is above his Lord!
- 2 Inur'd to poverty and pain,
 A suffer'ing life my master led;
 The Son of God, the Son of Man,
 He had not where to lay his head.
- 3 But lo! a place he hath prepar'd
 For me, whom watchful angels keep;
 Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
 He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 4 Jesus protects; my fears be gone;
 What can the Rock of Ages move?
 Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
 Thy everlasting arms of love.
- 5 While thou art intimately nigh,
 Who, who shall violate my rest?
 Sin, earth, and hell I now defy;
 I lean upon my Saviours' breast.
- 6 I rest beneath th' Almighty's shade,
 My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
 Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is staid,
 Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.
- 7 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take,
 In time and in eternity:
 Thou never, never wilt forsake
 A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

H Y M N CLV.

- 1 **T**HOU, my God, art good and wise,
 And infinite in pow'r:
 Thee let all in earth and skies
 Continually adore!

Give me thy converting grace,
That I may obedient prove,
Serve my Maker all my days,
And my Redeemer love.

2 For my life, and clothes, and food,
And ev'ry comfort here,
Thee, my most indulgent God,
I thank with heart sincere,
For the blessings numberless
Which thou hast already giv'n,
For my smallest spark of grace,
And for my hope of heav'n.

3 Gracious God, my sins forgive,
And thy good sp'rit impart;
Then I shall in thee believe,
With all my loving heart;
Always unto Jesus look,
Him in heav'nly glory see,
Who my cause hath undertook,
And ever prays for me.

4 Grace, in answer to his pray'r,
And ev'ry grace bestow,
That I may with zealous care
Perform thy will below;
Rooted in humility,
Still in ev'ry state resign'd,
Plant, almighty Lord, in me
A meek and lowly mind.

H Y M N CLVI.

1 **O** God of all grace,
Thy goodness we praise,
Thy Son thou hast given to die in our place:
With joy we approve
The design of thy love,
'Tis a wonder on earth, and a wonder above.

- 2 Tongue cannot explain
The love of God-Man,
Which the angels desire to look into in vain :
It dazzles our eyes,
Thought cannot arise,
To find out a cause why the Infinite dies.
- 3 Or if pity inclin'd
Him to die for mankind,
The ground of his pity what seraph can find ;
He came from above,
Our curse to remove, [love.
He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, because he would
- 4 Love mov'd him to die,
And on this we rely,
He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, we cannot tell why ;
But this we can tell,
He hath lov'd us so well
As to lay down his life to redeem us from hell,
- 5 He hath ransom'd our race,
O how shall we praise,
Or worthily sing thy unspeakable grace :
Nothing else will we know
In our journey below,
But singing thy grace, to thy paradise go,
- 6 Nay, and when we remove
To the mansions above,
Our heaven shall still be to sing of thy love ;
When time is no more,
We still shall adore
The ocean of love, without bottom or shore,
- 7 Ere long we shall fly
To the regions on high,
For Israel's strength cannot vary or lie :
He soon shall appear,
He more than draws near,
Our Jesus is come and eternity's here.

P R A I S E.

H Y M N CLVII.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men!
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

H Y M N CLVIII.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.
- 2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and pious grow,
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.
- 3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By God, th' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.
- 4 He rises, who mankind has bought,
With grief and pain extreme;
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem!

H Y M N CLIX.

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound,
 What pleasure to our ears!
 A sov'reign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

C H O R U S.

*Glory, honour, praise, and power
 Be unto the Lamb for ever;
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!
 Hallelujah, praise the Lord.*

- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound. *Glory, &c.*
- 3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
 To thee the praise belongs:
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues. *Glory, &c.*

H Y M N CLX.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
 Eternal are thy mercies Lord,
 Eternal truth attends thy word;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 'Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 2 Your lofty themes, ye mortals bring,
 In songs of praise divinely sing;
 The great salvation loud proclaim,
 And shout for joy the Saviour's name:
 In ev'ry land begin the song,
 To ev'ry land the strains belong;
 In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
 And fill the world with loudest praise.

H Y M N CLXI.

- 1 **C**OME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne,
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus ;
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

H Y M N CLXII.

- 1 **G**LORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky ;
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,
Man the well-belov'd of heav'n.
- 2 Sov'reign Father, heav'nly king,
Thee we now presume to sing,
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all and numberless.
- 3 Hail, by all thy works ador'd ;
Hail, the everlasting Lord ;
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
Lord of pow'r and God of love !
- 4 Christ our Lord and God we own ;
Christ, the Father's only Son :
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

- 5 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement thou :
Jesu, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away.
- 6 Pow'rful advocate with God,
Justify us by thy blood !
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement thou.
- 7 Hear, for thou, O Christ alone,
With thy glorious Sire art one ;
One the Holy Ghost with thee,
One Supreme, eternal Three !

H Y M N CLXIII.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, y'immortal quires,
That fill the realms above ;
Praise him who form'd you of his fires,
And feeds you with his love.
- 2 Sing to his praise, ye chrystal skies,
The floor of his abode ;
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes,
Before your brighter God.
- 3 Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.
- 4 Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud
Through the ethereal blue,
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.
- 5 Thunder and hail, and fires and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.

- 6 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.
- 7 While monsters, sporting on the flood,
In scaly silver shine,
Speak terribly their Maker, God,
And lash the foaming brine.
- 8 But gentler things shall tune his name
To softer notes than these,
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
Or whisp'ring through the trees.
- 9 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bids you grow;
Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines
On ev'ry thankful bough.
- 10 Let the shrill birds his honours raise,
And climb the morning sky;
While growling beasts attempt his praise
In hoarser harmony.
- 11 Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals take the sound,
Echo the glories of your King
Through all the nations round.

H Y M N CLXIV.

- 1 **T**HE God of Abrah'm praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Antient of everlasting days,
And God of Love:
JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM!
By earth and heaven confess;
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
For ever blest.

Wm. Collins

2 The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise—and seek the joys
At his right hand :
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r ;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tow'r.

3 The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all my ways :
He calls a worm his friend !
He calls himself my God !
And he shall save me to the end,
Thro' Jesu's blood !

4 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall, on eagle's wings up-born,
To heav'n ascend :
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

H Y M N CLXV.

1 **M**Y Saviour, my almighty friend,
When I begin to praise ;
Where will the growing numbers end,
'The numbers of thy grace ?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust ;
Thy goodness I adore ;
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
That I may love thee more.

- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road ;
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.
- 4 Awake, awake my tuneful pow'rs,
With this delightful song,
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

H Y M N CLXVI.

THIS, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend ;
Whose love is as great as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

H Y M N CLXVII.

- +** **L**ORD, how divine thy comforts are !
How heav'nly is the place
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace !
- 2 There the rich bounties of our God,
And sweetest glories shine ;
There Jesus says, that I am his,
And my beloved's mine.
- 3 Here (says the kind redeeming Lord,
And shews his wounded side)
See here the spring of all your joys
That open'd when I dy'd !
- 4 He smiles, and cheers my mournful heart,
And tells of all his pain ;
All this, says he, I bore for thee,
And then he smiles again.

- 5 What shall we pay our heav'nly King
For grace so vast as this?
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.
- 6 Let such amazing loves as these
Be founded all abroad;
Such favours are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.
- 7 To him that wash'd us in his blood
Be everlasting praise,
Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r,
Eternal as his days.

H Y M N CLXVIII.

- 1 **W**HEN all the mercies of my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Why, my cold heart, art thou not lost
In wonder, love, and praise?
- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
While in the silent womb I lay
And hung upon the breast.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in pray'r.
- 4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant-heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 5 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

- 6 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
- 7 Thro' ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.
- 8 Thro' all eternity to Thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

H Y M N CLXIX.

- 1 **W**HENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see;
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?
- 2 Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath giv'n me more;
For I have food, while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.
- 3 While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head;
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.
- 4 Are these thy favours day by day
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

H Y M N CLXX.

Hirberto hath the Lord helped us, 1 SAM. vii. 12.

- 1 **T**HOU' strait be the way, with dangers beset,
And we thro' delay are no farther yet;
Our good Guide and Sav'our hath helped thus far,
And 'tis by his favour we are what we are,
- 2 What creatures beside are favour'd like us;
Forgiven, supply'd, and banqueted thus,
By God our good Father, who gave us his Son,
And sent him to gather his children in one?
- 3 My brethren, reflect on what we have been,
How God had respect to us when in sin;
When lower and lower we every day fell,
He stretch'd forth his power and snatch'd us from hell.
- 4 Then let us rejoice and cheerfully sing,
With heart and with voice, to Jesus our king;
Who thus far has brought us from evil to good,
The ransom that bought us, no less than his blood!
- 5 For blessings like these so bounteously giv'n,
For prospects of peace and foretastes of heav'n;
'Tis grateful, 'tis pleasant to sing and adore;
Be thankful for present, and then ask for more.

H Y M N CLXXI.

- 1 **O** Thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Mov'd to this by great compassion,
Yearning bowels from within;
I will praise thee,
Where shall I thy praise begin?

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- 2 While the angel quires are crying,
Glory to the great I AM!
I with them would still be vying,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesu's name.
- 3 Now I see, with joy and wonder,
Whence the healing streams arose;
Angel minds are lost to ponder
Dying love's mysterious cause;
Yet the blessing
Down to all, to me it flows.
- 4 Tho' unseen I love the Saviour,
He almighty grace hath shown;
Pardon'd guilt and purchas'd favour!
This he makes to mortals known;
Give him glory,
Glory, glory is his own.
- 5 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceiv'd they mix the throng,
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong.

TRUSTING *in* PROVIDENCE.

H Y M N CLXXII.

PART THE FIRST.

- 1 **C**OMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure trust and tender care,
Who earth and heav'n commands;
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

M. M. J. 1844

TRUSTING *in* PROVIDENCE. 147

- 2 Thou on the Lord rely,
 So safe shalt thou go on ;
 Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
 So shall thy work be done :
 No profit canst thou gain
 By self-consuming care,
 To him commend thy cause, his ear
 Attends the softest pray'r.
- 3 Thine everlasting truth,
 Father, thy ceaseless love,
 Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
 What best for each will prove ;
 And whatsoe'er thou wilt it
 Thou dost, O King of kings ;
 What thine unerring wisdom chose,
 Thy pow'r to being brings.
- 4 Thou ev'ry where hast way,
 And all things serve thy might,
 Thy ev'ry act pure blessing is,
 Thy path unsully'd light :
 When thou arisest, Lord,
 What shall thy work withstand ?
 When all thy children want, thou giv'st,
 Who, who shall stay thine hand ?

H Y M N CLXXIII.

PART. THE SECOND.

- 1 **G**IVE to the winds thy fears,
 Hope, and be undismay'd,
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
 God shall lift up thy head ;
 Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears the way ;
 Wait thou his time, so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.

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- 2 Still heavy is thy heart,
Still sinks thy spirits down;
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And ev'ry care be gone;
What tho' thou rulest not,
Yet heav'n, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.
- 3 Leave to his sov'reign sway
To chuse and to command,
So shalt thou wond'ring own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand!
Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caus'd thy needless fear.
- 4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee;
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee:
Let us in life, in death,
Thy stedfast truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

H Y M N CLXXIV.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, whose gracious pow'r,
Thro' various deaths my soul hath led,
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head!
- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

TRUSTING in PROVIDENCE. 149

- 3 Oft from the margin of the grave,
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head;
Sudden I found thee near to save;
The fever own'd thy touch, and fled.
- 4 Whither, O whither should I fly!
But to my loving Saviour's breast;
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest?
- 5 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ! my wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run;
But thou art greater than my heart.
- 6 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heav'n may find,
The heav'n of loving thee alone.
- 7 Enlarge my heart to make thee room;
Enter, and in me ever stay;
The crooked then shall straight become;
The darkness shall be lost in day!

H Y M N CLXXV.

JEHOVAH-JIREH, *i. e. The Lord will provide,* GEN. xxii. 14.

- 1 **T**HOU troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Thou friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever beride,
The promise assures us, The Lord will provide.
- 2 The birds without barn and storehouse are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be deny'd,
So long as it's written, The Lord will provide.

150 TRUSTING *in* PROVIDENCE.

- 3 We all may, like ships, by tempest be tost,
On perilous deeps, but need not be lost;
'Tho' Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
Yet scripture engages, 'The Lord will provide.
- 4 His call we obey, like Abraham of old;
We knew not the way, but Faith makes us bold;
For tho' we are strangers, we have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers, 'The Lord will provide.
- 5 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And tills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, (tho' oft he has try'd)
The heart-cheering promise, 'The Lord will provide
- 6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our graces have try'd,
This answers all questions, 'The Lord will provide.
- 7 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim,
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
'The Lord is our power, 'The Lord will provide.
- 8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through;
Not fearing, or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, 'The Lord will provide.

H Y M N CLXXVI.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirity mountain pant,

To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade,

4 Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

H Y M N CLXXVII.

1 **A**WAY, my unbelieving fear,
Fear shall in me no more have place;
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
The fields elude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

152 TRUSTING *in* PROVIDENCE.

- 3 Barren although my soul remain,
And no one bud of grace appear;
No fruit of all my toil or pain,
But sin, and only sin is here;
Although my gifts and comforts lost,
My blooming hopes cut off I see,
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory that he dy'd for me.
- 4 In hope believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim,
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up,
Salvation is in Jesu's name;
To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
My soul shall then out strip the wind,
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

H Y M N CLXXVIII.

- 1 **I**F to Jesus for relief
My soul has fled by prayer;
Why should I give way to grief,
Or heart-consuming care?
Are not all things in his hand?
Has he not his promise said?
Will he then regardless stand,
And let me sink at last?
- 2 While I know his providence
Disposes each event;
Shall I judge by feeble sense,
And yield to discontent?
If he worms and sparrows feed,
Cloath the grass in rich array;
Can he see a child in need,
And turn his eye away?

TRUSTING in PROVIDENCE. 153

3 When his name was quite unknown,
And sin my life employ'd;
Then he watch'd me as his own;
Or I had been destroy'd:
Now his mercy-seat I know,
Now by grace am reconcil'd;
Would he spare me while a foe,
To leave me when a child?

4 If he all my wants supply'd
When I disdain'd to pray;
Now his Spirit is my guide,
How can he say me nay?
If he would not give me up,
When my soul against him fought;
Will he disappoint the hope
Which he himself has wrought?

5 If he shed his precious blood
To bring me to his fold;
Can I think that meaner good
He ever will withhold?
Satan, vain is thy device!
Here my hope rests well-assur'd,
In that great redemption-price,
I see the whole secur'd.

H Y M N CLXXIX.

1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

G 5

154 TRUSTING *in* PROVIDENCE.

- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain :
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

H Y M N CLXXX.

- 1 **S**TILL for thy loving-kindness, Lord,
I in thy temple wait :
I look to find thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.
- 2 Here in thine own appointed ways
I wait to learn thy will :
Silent I stand before thy face,
And hear thee say, " Be still ! "
- 3 " Be still, and know that I am God ! "
'Tis all I live to know !
To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And spread its praise below !
- 4 I wait my vigour to renew,
Thine image to retrieve :
The veil of outward things pass through,
And gasp in thee to live,

TRUSTING in PROVIDENCE. 155

- 5 I work; and own the labour vain :
And thus from works I cease :
I strive ; and see my fruitless pain,
Till God create my peace.
- 6 Fruitless, till thou thyself impart,
Must all my efforts prove :
They cannot change a sinful heart,
They cannot purchase love.
- 7 I do the thing thy laws enjoin,
And then the strife give o'er ;
To thee I then the whole resign,
And trust in means no more.
- 8 I trust in him who stands between
The Father's wrath and me :
Jesu, thou great eternal Mean,
I look for all from thee !

H Y M N CLXXXI.

PART THE FIRST.

- 1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son :
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty pow'r,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.
- 2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endu'd,
Put take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God :
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

130 TRUSTING IN PROVIDENCE;

- 3 Stand then against your foes,
In close and firm array;
Legions of wily fiends oppose
Throughout the evil day;
But meet the sons of night,
But mock their vain design,
Arm'd in the arms of heav'nly light,
Of righteousness divine.
- 4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace,
And fortify the whole;
Indissolubly join'd,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ your head.

H Y M N CLXXXII.

PART THE SECOND.

- 3 **B**UT above all, lay hold
On faith's victorious shield,
Arm'd with that adamant and gold,
You're sure to win the field;
If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdu'd;
Repell'd his ev'ry fiery dart,
And quench'd with Jesu's blood.
- 2 Jesus hath dy'd for you!
What can his love withstand?
Believe! hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand?
Believe that Jesus reigns,
All pow'r to him is giv'n:
Believe, till freed from sin's remains,
Believe yourselves to heav'n!

TRUSTING *in* PROVIDENCE. 157

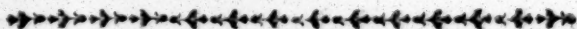
- 3 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care;
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto pray'r.
Ready for all alarms,
Stedfastly set your face,
And always exercise your arms,
And use your ev'ry grace.
- 4 Pray, without ceasing pray,
(Your Captain gives the word)
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord:
To God your ev'ry want
In instant pray'r display;
Pray, always pray, and never faint;
Pray, without ceasing pray.

H Y M N CLXXXIII.

*Seek ye the kingdom of God, and all these things shall
be added, LUKE xii. 31.*

- 1 **P**EA^CE, troubled soul, thou needst not fear,
Thy great provider still is near;
Who fed thee fast, will feed thee still,
Be calm, and sink into his will.
- 2 The Lord who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
His promise all may freely claim,
"Ask and receive in Jesu's name."
- 3 His stores are open all and free,
To such as truly upright be;
Water and bread he'll give for food,
With all things else which he sees good.
- 4 Your sacred hairs which are so small,
By God himself are number'd all:
This truth he's publish'd all abroad
That men may learn to trust the Lord.

- 5 The Ravens daily he doth feed,
And sends them food as they have need,
Altho' they nothing have in store,
Yet as they lack, he gives them more.
- 6 Then do not seek with anxious care,
What ye shall eat, or drink, or wear :
Your heav'nly Father will you feed,
He knows that all these things you need.
- 7 Without reserve, give Christ your heart ;
Let him his righteousness impart ;
Then all things else he'll freely give,
With him you all things shall receive.
- 8 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
That seeks in God his only rest ;
May I that happy person be,
In time, and in eternity !



S U F F E R I N G.

H Y M N CLXXXIV.

- 1 COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel ;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears
To that celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space
Look forward to that heav'nly place,
'The saints' secure abode :
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.
- 5 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down :

- To patient faith the prize is sure;
 And all that to the end endure
 The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice-blessed bliss, inspiring hope;
 It lifts the fainting spirits up;
 It brings to life the dead!
 Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
 And you and I ascend at last,
 Triumphant with our Head.
- 5 That great mysterious Deity
 We soon with open face shall see;
 The beatific sight
 Shall fill heav'n's sounding courts with praise,
 And wide diffuse the golden blaze
 Of everlasting light.
- 6 The Father shining on his throne,
 The glorious co-eternal Son,
 The spirit, one and sev'n,
 Conspire our rapture to complete;
 And lo! we fall before his feet,
 And silence heightens heav'n.
- 7 In hope of that extatic pause,
 Jesu, we now sustain thy cross,
 And at thy footstool fall,
 Till thou our hidden life reveal,
 Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
 And God is all in all.

H Y M N CLXXXV.

- CAST on the fidelity
 Of my redeeming Lord,
 I shall his salvation see,
 According to his word:

Credence to his word I give,
 My Saviour, in distresses past,
 Will not now his servant leave,
 But bring me through at last.

2 Better than my boding fears
 To me thou oft hast prov'd;
 Oft observ'd my silent tears,
 And challeng'd thy belov'd:
 Mercy to my rescue flew,
 And death ungrasp'd his fainting prey;
 Pain before thy face withdrew,
 And sorrow fled away.

3 Now as yesterday the same,
 In all my troubles nigh,
 Jesus, on thy word and name
 I steadfastly rely,
 Sure as now the grief I feel,
 The promis'd joy I soon shall have;
 Sav'd again, to sinners tell
 Thy pow'r and will to save.

4 To thy blessed will resign'd,
 And stay'd on that alone,
 I thy perfect strength shall find,
 Thy faithful mercies own;
 Compass'd round with songs of praise,
 My All to my Redeemer give;
 Spread thy miracles of grace,
 And for thy glory live.

H Y M N CLXXXVI.

1 **F**ATHER, in the name I pray
 Of thy incarnate Love,
 Humbly ask, that as my day
 My suffer'ing strength may prove;
 When my sorrows most increase,
 Let thy strongest joys be giv'n;
 Jesu, come with my distress,
 And agony is heav'n.

- 2 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 For good remember me!
 Me, whom thou hast caus'd to trust
 For more than life on thee:
 With me in the fire remain,
 Till like burnish'd gold I shine,
 Meet, through consecrated pain,
 To see the face divine.

H Y M N CLXXXVII.

- 1 **T**HOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of peace,
 For thee my thirsty soul doth pine!
 My longing heart implores thy grace,
 O make me in thy likeness shine!
- 2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
 Thy will in all things may I see;
 In love be ev'ry wish resign'd,
 And hallow'd my whole heart to thee.
- 3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
 With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
 When grief my wounded soul assails,
 In lowly meekness may I rest.
- 4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
 Howe'er life's various current flow;
 With steadfast eye mark ev'ry step,
 And follow thee where'er thou go.
- 5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won;
 Alone thou hast the wine-press trod:
 In me thy strength'ning grace be shown,
 O may I conquer through thy blood!
- 6 So when on Sion thou shalt stand,
 And all heav'n's host adore their king,
 Shall I be found at thy right-hand,
 And free from pain thy glories sing.

H Y M N CLXXXVIII.

- 1 **A**ND let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint or die,
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high ;
 Shall join the disembodied saints,
 And find its long-sought rest,
 That only bliss for which it pants
 In the Redeemer's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown
 I now the cross sustain,
 And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain.
 I suffer on my threescore years
 Till my Deliv'rer come,
 And wipe away his servant's tears,
 And take his exile home.
- 3 O what hath Jesus brought for me !
 Before my ravisht eyes
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of paradise !
 I see a world of Spirits bright,
 Who taste the pleasures there !
 They all are rob'd in spotless white,
 And conq'ring pains they bear.
- 4 O what are all my suff'rings here,
 If Lord, thou count me meet
 With that enraptur'd host t'appear,
 And worship at thy feet.
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away :
 But let me find them all again
 In that eternal day.

H Y M N CLXXXIX.

- 1 **H**APPY soul, thy days are ended;
All thy mourning days below;
Go by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go.
- 2 Waiting to receive thy Spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above,
Shews the purchase of his merit
Reaches out the crown of love.
- 3 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest:
- 4 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain,
Die, to live a life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

H Y M N CXC.

- 1 **H**EAD of thy church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee;
Till thou appear,
Thy Members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hearts and voices,
With blest anticipation:
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The praise of our salvation.
- 2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise,
Which knows no days,
And ever brings us nigher;

We clap our hands, exulting
 In thine almighty favour ;
 The love divine,
 Which made us thine,
 Shall keep us thine for ever.

- 3 Thou dost conduct thy people
 Through torrents of temptation ;
 Nor will we fear,
 While thou art near,
 The fire of tribulation :
 The world, with sin and Satan,
 In vain our march opposes ;
 By thee we shall
 Break through them all,
 And sing the song of Moses.

- 4 By faith we see the glory
 To which thou shalt restore us,
 The cross despise,
 For that high prize,
 Which thou hast set before us :
 And if thou count us worthy,
 We each, as dying Stephen,
 Shall see thee stand
 At God's right hand,
 To take us up to heav'n.

H Y M N C X C I.

- 1 **L**ORD, I adore thy gracious will,
 Through ev'ry instrument of ill
 My Father's goodness see :
 Accept the complicated wrong
 Of Shemei's hand and Shemei's tongue,
 As kind rebukes from thee.

H Y M N CXCH.

- 1 **J**ESU, the weary wand'rer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;
With stedfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love, and lowly fear.
- 2 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepar'd and mingled by thy skill,
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Pow'rful the wounded soul to heal.
- 3 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone;
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly
As clouds before the mid-day sun.
- 4 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace;"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still;"
Thy pow'r my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sov'reign will.
- 5 O death! where is thy sting? Where now
Thy boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God? Or who
Can hurt, whom God delights to save?

H Y M N CXCH.

- 1 **W**HY shou'd I doubt his love at last,
With anxious thoughts perplex?
Who sav'd me in the troubles past,
Will save me in the next.
- 2 Will save, till at my latest hour,
With more than conquest blest,
I soar beyond temptation's pow'r,
To my Redeemer's breast.

F U N E R A L.

H Y M N CXCIV.

- 1 **A**H, lovely appearance of death,
 What sight upon earth is so fair?
 Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
 Can with a dead body compare:
 With solemn delight I survey
 The corpse, when the spirit is fled,
 In love with the beautiful clay,
 And longing to lie in its stead.
- 2 How blest is our brother, bereft
 Of all that could burden his mind;
 How easy the soul that has left
 This wearisome body behind!
 Of evil incapable thou,
 Whose relics with envy I see,
 No longer in misery now,
 No longer a sinner like me.
- 3 This earth is affected no more
 With sickness, or shaken with pain;
 The war in the members is o'er,
 And never shall vex him again:
 No anger henceforward or shame
 Shall redder this innocent clay;
 Extinct is the animal flame,
 And passion is vanish'd away.
- 4 This languishing head is at rest,
 Its thinking and aching are o'er;
 This quiet immovable breast
 Is heav'd by affliction no more:
 This heart is no longer the seat
 Of trouble and torturing pain;
 It ceases to flutter and beat,
 It never shall flutter again.

- 5 The lids he so seldom could close,
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Seal'd up in eternal repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep :
 The fountains can yield no supplies ;
 These hollows from water are free ;
 The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
 And evil they never shall see.
- 6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
 While bound in a prison I breathe,
 And still for deliverance pine,
 And press to the issues of death :
 What now with my tears I bedew,
 O might I this moment become !
 My spirit created anew,
 My flesh be consign'd to the tomb !

H Y M N CXC.V.

- 1 **R**EJOICE for a brother deceas'd,
 Our loss is his infinite gain ;
 A soul out of prison releas'd,
 And freed from its bodily chain ;
 With songs let us follow his flight,
 And mount with his spirit above,
 Escap'd to the mansions of light,
 And lodg'd in the Eden of love.
- 2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
 Out-flying the tempest and wind,
 His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
 And left his companions behind ;
 Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
 Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
 Where all is assurance and peace,
 And sorrow and sin are no more.

- 3 There all the ship's company meet,
 Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath,
 With shouting each other they greet,
 And triumph o'er trouble and death:
 The voyage of life's at an end,
 The mortal affliction is past,
 The age, that in heaven they spend,
 For ever and ever shall last.

H Y M N CXCVI.

- 1 **T**HIS finish'd, 'tis done!
 The spirit is fled,
 The pris'ner is gone,
 The christian is dead:
 The christian is living
 Thro' Jesus's love,
 And gladly receiving
 A kingdom above.
- 2 All honour and praise
 Are Jesus's due;
 Supported by grace,
 He fought his way through;
 Triumphantly glorious,
 Thro' Jesus's zeal,
 And more than victorious,
 O'er sin, death, and hell.
- 3 Then let us record
 The conquering name,
 Our Captain and Lord
 With shoutings proclaim:
 Who trust in his passion,
 And follow our Head,
 To certain salvation
 We all shall be led.

4 O Jesus, lead on
 Thy militant care,
 And give us the crown
 Of righteousness there;
 Where dazzled with glory
 The seraphim gaze,
 Or prostrate adore thee
 In silence of praise.

5 Come, Lord, and display
 Thy sign in the sky,
 And bear us away
 To mansions on high:
 The kingdom be given,
 The purchase divine,
 And crown us in heaven
 Eternally thine.

H Y M N CXC VII.

1 **H**OSANNAH to Jesus on high!
 Another is enter'd his rest,
 Another is 'scap'd to the sky,
 And lodg'd in Immanuel's breast:
 The soul of our sister is gone
 To heighten the triumph above,
 Exalted to Jesus's throne,
 And clasp'd in the arms of his love.

2 What fulness of rapture is there,
 While Jesus his glory displays,
 And purples the heavenly air,
 And scatters the odours of grace?
 He looks—and his servants in light
 The blessing ineffable meet;
 He smiles—and they faint at the sight,
 And fall overwhelm'd at his feet.

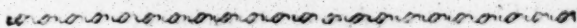
- 3 How happy the angels that fall,
Transported at Jesus's name;
The saints whom he soonest shall call
To share in the feast of the Lamb!
No longer imprison'd in clay,
Who next from his dungeon shall fly,
Who first shall be summon'd away—
My merciful God—is it I?
- 4 O Jesus, if this be thy will,
That suddenly I should depart,
Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
And whisper the call to my heart:
O give me a signal to know,
If soon thou wouldst have me remove,
And leave the dull body below,
And fly to the regions of love.

H Y M N CXCVIII.

- 1 **H**APPY who in Jesus live,
But happier still are they
Who to God their spirits give,
And leave from earth away:
Lord, thou read'st the panting heart,
Lord, thou hear'st the praying sigh;
O 'tis better to depart,
'Tis better far to die.
- 2 Yet if so thy will ordain,
For our companions' good,
Let us in the flesh remain,
And meekly bear the load.
When we have our grief fill'd up,
When we all our works have done,
Late partakers of our hope,
And sharers of thy throne.

For PERSONS joined in FELLOWSHIP. 171

- 3 To thy wise and gracious will
We quietly submit,
Waiting for redemption still,
But waiting at thy feet :
When thou wilt the blessing give,
Call us up thy face to see,
Only let thy servants live,
And let us die to thee.



For PERSONS joined in FELLOWSHIP.

H Y M N CXCI.

- 1 **S**EE, Jesu, thy disciples see,
The promis'd blessing give;
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.
- 2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are join'd :
We wait according to thy word
Thee in the midst to find.
- 3 With us thou art assembled here ;
But O thyself reveal !
Son of the living God appear,
Let us thy presence feel.
- 4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live ;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
" The Holy Ghost receive ! "
- 5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet,
Jesus, the crucify'd ;
Shew us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou, who for us hast dy'd !

172 *For PERSONS joined in FELLOWSHIP.*

- 6 Cause us the record to receive,
Speak, and the tokens shew;
"Oh! be not faithless, but believe
In me, who dy'd for you!"

H Y M N C C.

- 1 **T**WO are better far than one
For counsel or for fight;
How can one be warm alone,
Or serve his God aright?
Join we then our hearts and hands,
Each to love provoke his friend;
Run the way of his commands,
And keep it to the end.
- 2 Wee to him whose spirits droop;
To him who falls alone;
He has none to lift him up,
To help his weakness on;
Happier we each other keep,
We each other's burdens bear;
Never need our footsteps slip,
Upheld by mutual prayer.
- 3 Who of twain has made us one,
Maintains our unity;
Jesus is the corner-stone,
In whom we all agree:
Servants of one common Lord,
Sweetly of one heart and mind,
Who can break a threefold cord,
Or part whom God hath join'd?
- 4 O that all with us might prove
The fellowship of saints,
Find supply'd in Jesu's love,
What every member wants!

For PERSONS joined in FELLOWSHIP. 173

Grasp we our high-calling's prize;
Feel our sins on earth forgiv'n!
Rise, in his whole image rise,
And meet our Head in heaven!

H Y M N C C I.

1 COME away to the skies,
My beloved arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born;
On this festival day
Come exulting away,
And with singing to Sion return.

2 We have laid up our love
And treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below;
The redeem'd of the Lord,
We remember his word,
And with singing to paradise go.

3 With singing we praise
The original grace,
By our heavenly Father bestow'd;
Our being receive
From his bounty, and live
To the honour and glory of God.

4 For thy glory we are
Created to share
Both the nature and kingdom divine;
Created again,
That our souls may remain
In time and eternity thine.

5 With thanks we approve
The design of thy love,
Which hath join'd us in Jesus's name;

174 *For PERSONS joined in FELLOWSHIP.*

So united in heart,
That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

6 There, there at his feet
We shall suddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more!
We shall sing to our lyres
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

7 ^f Hallelujah we sing
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat:
To the Lamb that was slain
Hallelujah again,
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet!

8 In assurance of hope
We to Jesus look up,
Till his banner unfurl'd in the air;
From our graves we shall see,
And cry out, "It is he,"
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

H Y M N CCII.

1 **C**OME all, whoe'er have set
Your faces Sion-ward,
In Jesus let us meet,
And praise our common Lord;
In Jesus let us still go on,
Till all appear before his throne.

2 Nearer and nearer still
We to our country come;
To that celestial hill,
The weary pilgrim's home:
The New Jerusalem above,
The seat of everlasting love.

- 3 The ransom'd sons of God,
All earthly things we scorn,
And to our high abode
With songs of praise return;
From strength to strength we still proceed
With crowns of joy upon our head.
- 4 The peace and joy of faith
Each moment may we feel;
Redeem'd from sin and wrath,
From earth, and death, and hell,
We to our Father's house repair
To meet our elder Brother there.
- 5 Our Brother, Saviour, Head,
Our all in all is he;
And in his steps who tread,
We soon his face shall see;
Shall see him with our glorious friends,
And then in heaven our journey ends.

H Y M N CCM.

- 1 COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
With vigour arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies.
Of heavenly birth,
Though wand'ring on earth,
This is not our place,
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess;
- 2 At Jesus's call
We gave up our All:
And still we forego,
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below;
No longing we find
For the country behind;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above;

176 *For PERSONS joined in FELLOWSHIP.*

- 3 A country of joy
Without any alloy,
We thither repair,
Our heart and our treasure already are there.
We march hand in hand
To Immanuel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth, for eternity's near!
- 4 The rougher our way,
The shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies;
The fiercer the blast,
The sooner 'tis past:
The troubles that come,
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

H Y M N CCIV.

- 1 **C**OME, let us ascend,
My companion and friend,
To a taste of the banquet above!
If thy heart be as mine,
If for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.
- 2 Who in Jesus confide,
We are bold to outride
The storm of affliction beneath!
With the prophet we soar
To the heavenly shore,
And out-fly all the arrows of death.
- 3 By faith we are come
To our permanent home:
By hope we the rapture improve;
By love we still rise,
And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

For PERSONS joined in FELLOWSHIP. 177

- 4 Who on earth can conceive,
How happy we live
In the palace of God, the great King?
What a concert of praise,
When our Jesus's grace
The whole heavenly company sing?
- 5 What a rapturous song,
When the glorify'd throng,
In the spirit of harmony join?
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is mercy divine.
- 6 Hallelujah they cry
To the King of the sky,
To the great everlasting I AM;
To the Lamb that was slain,
And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.
- 7 The Lamb on the throne,
Lo! he dwells with his own,
And to rivers of pleasure he leads:
With his mercy's full blaze,
With the sight of his face,
Our beatify'd spirits he feeds.
- 8 Our foreheads proclaim
His ineffable name:
Our bodies his glory display;
A day without night
We feast in his sight,
And eternity seems as a day!

H Y M N. CCV.

- 1 JESU, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly:
Thy little flock in safety keep!
For O the wolf is nigh!

173 *For PERSONS joined in FELLOWSHIP.*

- 2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay :
He seizes ev'ry straggling soul,
As his own lawful prey.
- 3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm !
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.
- 4 We laugh to scorn his cruel pow'r,
While by our shepherd's side :
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.
- 5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree !
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee !
- 6 Together let us sweetly live !
Together let us die ;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

H Y M N CCVI.

- 1 **T**RY us, O God, and search the ground
Of ev'ry sinful heart ;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart !
- 2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless ;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear :
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

For PERSONS joined in FELLOWSHIP. 179

- 4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.
- 5 Up into thee, our living head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.
- 6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride;
Give us in heav'n a happy lot
With all the sanctify'd.

H Y M N CCVII.

- 1 **J**ESU, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our pray'r is heard.
- 2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke,
A band of love, a three-fold cord,
Which never can be broke.
- 3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.
- 4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever tow'rs each other move,
And ever more tow'rs thee.
- 5 To thee inseparably join'd,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive!

180 *For PERSONS joined in FELLOWSHIP.*

- 6 This is the bond of perfectness,
Thy spotless charity;
O let us still, we pray, possess
The mind that was in thee!
- 7 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove:
Our souls their charge shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love.
- 8 With ease our souls through death shall glide
Into their paradise;
And thence on wings of angels ride
Triumphant through the skies.
- 9 Yet when the fullest joy is giv'n,
The same delight we prove,
In earth, in paradise, in heav'n,
Our all in all is love.

H Y M N CCVIII.

- 1 **F**ATHER of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good,
O fulfil his faithful word!
And hear his speaking blood:
Give us that for which he prays;
Father, glorify thy Son;
Shew his truth, and pow'r, and grace,
And send the promise down.
- 2 True and faithful Witness, thou,
O Christ the Spirit give:
Hast thou not receiv'd him now,
That we might now receive?
Art thou not our living head?
Life to all thy limbs impart;
Shed thy love, thy spirit shed,
In every waiting heart.

For PERSONS joined in FELLOWSHIP. 181

- 3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The gift of Jesus, come:
Glow's our heart to find thee near,
And swells to make thee room;
Present with us thee we feel,
Come, O come, and in us be!
With us, in us, live and dwell
To all eternity.

H Y M N CCIX.

- 1 **J**ESU, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Shew thyself the Prince of peace:
Bid our jars for ever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love,
Ev'ry stumbling-block remove:
Each to each unite, endear,
Come and spread thy banner here!
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us each for other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give,
Shew how true believers live.
- 5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness!
- 6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above:
On the wings of angels fly;
Shew how true believers die,

182 For PERSONS joined in FELLOWSHIP.

H Y M N CCX.

- 1 **T**HOU God of truth and love,
We seek thy perfect way,
Ready thy choice t'approve,
Thy providence t'obey,
Enter into thy wise design,
And sweetly lose our will in thine.
- 2 Why hast thou cast our lot
In the same age and place?
And why together brought
To see each other's face;
To join with softest sympathy,
And mix our friendly souls in thee?
- 3 Didst thou not make us one,
That we might one remain,
Together travel on,
And bear each other's pain,
Till all thy utmost goodness prove,
And rise renew'd in perfect love!
- 4 Surely thou didst unite
Our kindred spirits here,
That all hereafter might
Before thy throne appear;
Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
And all thy glorious love proclaim.
- 5 Then let us ever bear
The blessed end in view,
And join with mutual care,
To fight our passage through;
And kindly help each other on,
Till all receive the starry crown.
- 6 O may thy Spirit seal
Our souls unto that day!
With all thy fulness fill,
And then transport away!
Away to our eternal rest,
Away to our Redeemer's breast!

H Y M N CCXI.

PART THE FIRST.

- 1 **C**OME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine !
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord ;
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise ;
Sing as in the ancient days ;
Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate the feast of love.
- 2 Strive we, in affection strive :
Let the purer flame revive ;
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God :
We like them may live and love ;
Call'd we are their joys to prove ;
Sav'd with them from future wrath ;
Partners of like precious faith.
- 3 Sing we then in Jesu's name,
Now as yesterday the same ;
One in ev'ry time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace :
We for Christ our master stand,
Lights in a benighted land ;
We our dying Lord confess ;
We are Jesu's witnesses.
- 2 Witnesses that Christ hath dy'd ;
We with him are crucify'd :
Christ hath burst the bands of death ;
We his quick'ning Spirit breathe ;
Christ is now gone up on high ;
Thither all our wishes fly :
Sits at God's right-hand above ;
There with him we reign in love.

H Y M N CCXII.

PART THE SECOND.

- 1 **C**OME, thou high and lofty Lord :
 Lowly, meek, incarnate word ;
 Humbly stoop to earth again ;
 Come, and visit abject man !
 Jesu, dear expected guest,
 Thou art bidden to the feast :
 For thyself our hearts prepare !
 Come, and sit, and banquet there.
- 2 Jesu, we thy promise claim :
 We are met in thy great name ;
 In the midst do thou appear,
 Manifest thy presence here !
 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless !
 Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace ;
 Thou thyself within us move ;
 Make our feast a feast of love.
- 3 Let the fruits of grace abound ;
 Let in us thy bowels sound,
 Faith, and love, and joy increase,
 Temperance and gentleness ;
 Plant in us thy humble mind,
 Patient, pitiful, and kind :
 Meek and lowly let us be,
 Full of goodness, full of thee.
- 4 Make us all in thee complete ;
 Make us all for glory meet ;
 Meet t'appear before thy sight,
 Partners with the saints in light ;
 Call, O call us each by name !
 To the marriage of the Lamb :
 Let us lean upon thy breast !
 Love be there our endless feast !

H Y M N CCXIII.

- 1 **C**OME let us use the grace divine,
And all with one accord
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord :
- 2 Give up ourselves through Jesu's power
His name to glorify,
And promise in this sacred hour
For God to live and die.
- 3 The cov'nant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind :
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.
- 4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow ;
And if thou art well pleas'd to hear,
Come down and meet us now.
- 5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive !
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give !
- 6 To each the cov'nant-blood apply,
Which takes our sins away ;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day !

H Y M N CCXIV.

On admitting a NEW MEMBER.

- 1 **B**ROTHER in Christ, and well-belov'd,
To Jesus and his servants dear,
Enter, and shew thyself approv'd ;
Enter, and find that God is here.

186 *For PERSONS joined in FELLOWSHIP.*

- 2 'Scap'd from the world, redeem'd from sin,
By fiends pursu'd, by men abhorr'd,
Come in, poor fugitive, come in,
And share the portion of thy Lord.
- 3 Welcome from earth!—lo, the right hand
Of fellowship to thee we give!
With open arms and hearts we stand,
And thee in Jesu's name receive.
- 4 Say, is thy heart resolv'd as our's?
Then let it burn with sacred love;
Then let it taste the heav'nly pow'rs,
Partaker of the joys above.
- 5 Jesu, attend, thyself reveal!
Are we not met in thy great name?
Thee in the midst we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the spreading flame.
- 6 Thou God, that answerest by fire,
The Spirit of burning now impart,
And let the flames of pure desire
Rise from the altar of our heart.
- 7 Truly our fellowship below
With thee and with the Father is:
In thee eternal life we know,
And heav'n's unutterable bliss.
- 8 In part we only know thee here,
But wait thy coming from above—
And I shall then behold thee near,
And I shall all be lost in love.

H Y M N CCXV.

On visiting a FRIEND.

- 1 **P**EACE be on this house bestow'd,
Peace on all that here reside;
Let the unknown peace of God
With the man of peace abide!

- Let the spirit now come down ;
Let the blessing now take place ;
Son of peace, receive thy crown,
Fulness of the gospel-grace.
- 2 Christ, my Master and my Lord,
Let me thy forerunner be ;
O be mindful of thy word,
Visit them, and visit me !
To this house and all herein
Now let thy salvation come !
Save our souls from inbred sin ;
Make us thy eternal home !
- 3 Let us never, never rest,
Till the promise is fulfill'd ;
Till we are of thee posselt,
Pardon'd, sanctify'd, and seal'd !
Till we all, in love renew'd,
Find the pearl that Adam lost,
Temples of the living God,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

H Y M N CCXVI.

PARTING.

- 1 **B**LEST be the dear, uniting love
That will not let us part !
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go ;
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And shew his praise below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem
But Jesus crucify'd !

183 *For PERSONS joined in FELLOWSHIP.*

- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.
- 5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.
- 6 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more!

H Y M N CCXVII.

- 1 **J**ESUS, accept the praise,
That to thy name belongs;
Matter of all our praise,
Subject of all our songs:
Through thee we now together came,
And part exulting in thy name.
- 2 In flesh we part awhile,
But still in spirit join'd,
T'embrace the happy toil,
Thou hast to each assign'd:
And, while we do thy blessed will,
We bear our heav'n about us still.
- 3 O let us thus go on
In all thy pleasant ways,
And, arm'd with patience, run
With joy th'appointed race!
Keep us and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heav'nly goal.
- 4 There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more.

STRIFE *in* HEAVEN. 139

We Shall with all our brethren rise,
And grasp thee in the flaming skies.

5 O happy, happy day,
That calls thy exiles home!
The heav'n's shall pass away;
The earth receive its doom:
Earth we shall view and heav'n destroy'd,
And shout above the fiery void!

6 Then let us wait the sound
That shall our souls release,
And labour to be found
Of him in spotless peace;
In perfect holiness renew'd,
Adorn'd with Christ, and meet for God!



H Y M N CCXVIII.

STRIFE *in* HEAVEN.

- 1 **I**N Heaven's courts a question rose,
Which caus'd a strife that ne'er shall close;
Which rank of all this ransom'd race,
Owes highest praise to sov'reign grace?
- 2 Infants, here caught from womb and breast,
Claim right to sing above the rest;
As finding soon the happy shore,
They never saw nor sought before.
- 3 Others, arriv'd at riper age,
Ere they left the earthly stage,
Think Grace deserves yet higher praise,
That wash'd the spots of num'rous days.
- 4 'Tis I, says one, 'bove all my race,
Am debtor most to glorious grace;
The chief of sinners you'll allow,
Should be the chief of singers now.

- 3 A second cries, the claim forbear,
Lo! I'm the greatest wonder here;
For I, of all the race that fell,
Deserve the lowest place in hell!
- 6 Another rises by his side,
As fond to praise and free of pride,
Cries, All give place, for I defy
You all should owe such thanks as I.
- 7 What, will no rival finger yield
He hath an equal in the field?
Come then, and let us all agree
To praise upon the highest key.



A DIALOGUE.

H Y M N CCXIX.

M E N.

TELL us, O women, we would know
Whither so fast ye move?

W O M E N.

We, call'd to leave the world below,
Are seeking one above.

M E N.

Whence came ye, say, and what the place
That ye are trav'ling from?

W O M E N.

From tribulation: we, through grace,
Are now returning home.

M E N.

Is not your native dwelling here?
Like you not this abode?

W O M E N.

We seek a better country far;
A city built by God.

BIRTH-DAY.

191

MEN.

Thither we travel, nor intend
Short of that bliss to rest;

WOMEN.

Nor we, till in the sinner's Friend
Our weary souls are blest.

CHORUS.

*Friends of the Bridegroom we shall reign;
Saviour, we ask no more:
Hail, Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Whom heav'n and earth adore.*

BIRTH-DAY.

H Y M N CCXX.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, to thee
My cheerful soul I raise;
Thy goodness had me be,
And still prolongs my days:
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.
- 2 A clod of living earth,
I glorify thy name,
From whom alone my birth
And all my blessings came:
Creating and preserving grace
Let all that is within me praise.
- 3 Long as I live beneath,
To thee, O let me live;
To thee my every breath
In thanks and praises give!
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

BIRTH-DAY.

- 4 My soul and all its pow'rs,
Thine, wholly thine shall be;
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee:
Me to thine image now restore,
And I shall praise thee evermore.
- 5 I wait thy will to do,
As angels do in heav'n;
In Christ a creature new,
Eternally forgiv'n:
I wait thy perfect will to prove,
All sanctify'd by sinless love.
- 6 Then when the work is done,
The work of faith with pow'r,
Receive thy favour'd son
In death's triumphant hour;
Like Moses to thyself convey,
And kiss my raptur'd soul away.

H Y M N CCXXI.

- 1 **A**WAY with our fears,
The glad morning appears,
When an heir of salvation was born!
From Jehovah I came,
For his glory I am,
And to him I with singing return.
- 2 Thee, Jesus, alone,
The fountain I own
Of my life and felicity here:
And cheerfully sing
My Redeemer and King,
Till his signs in the heavens appear.
- 3 With thanks I rejoice
In thy fatherly choice
Of my state and condition below;

If of parents I came
 Who honour'd thy name,
 'Twas thy wisdom appointed it so.

4 I sing of thy grace,
 From my earliest days,
 Ever near to allure and defend;
 Hitherto thou hast been
 My preserver from sin,
 And I trust thou wilt save to the end.

5 O the infinite cares
 And temptations and snares
 Thy hand hath conducted me through!
 O the blessings bestow'd
 By a bountiful God,
 And the mercies eternally new!

6 What a mercy is this,
 What a heaven of bliss,
 How unspeakably happy am I!
 Gather'd into the fold,
 With thy people inroll'd,
 With thy people to live and to die!

7 O the goodness of God
 In employing a clod
 His tribute of glory to raise!
 His standard to bear,
 And with triumph declare
 His unspeakable riches of grace!

8 O the fathomless love,
 That has deign'd to approve,
 And prosper the work of my hands!
 With my pastoral crook
 I went over the brook,
 And, behold! I am spread into bands!

BACKSLIDER.

- 9 Who, I ask in amaze,
Hath begotten me these!
And inquire, from what quarter they came?
My full heart it replies,
They are born from the skies,
And give glory to God and the Lamb,
- 10 All honour and praise
To the Father of grace,
To the Spirit, and Son I return!
The business pursue
He hath made me to do,
And rejoice that I ever was born.
- 11 In a rapture of joy
My life I employ,
The God of my life to proclaim:
'Tis worth living for this,
To administer bliss
And salvation in Jesus's name.
- 12 My remnant of days
I spend in his praise,
Who died the whole world to redeem:
Be they many or few,
My days are his due,
And they all are devoted to him!

BACKSLIDER.

H Y M N CCXXII.

PART THE FIRST.

- 1 **H**OW happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

- 2 That comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believ'd,
What a joy I receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!
- 3 'Twas an heaven below
My Saviour to know;
The angels could do nothing more
Than fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath lov'd me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd, and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.
- 5 On the wings of his love
I was carry'd above
All sin, and temptation, and pain;
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve
That I ever should suffer again.
- 6 I rode on the sky,
Freely justify'd I!
Nor envy'd Elijah his seat;
My soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.
- 7 Oh! therapeutous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood?
Of my Saviour possess
I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

PART THE SECOND.

- 1 **A** H, where am I now !
When was it, or how,
That I fell from my heaven of grace !
I am brought into thrall,
I am stript of my All,
I am banish'd from Jesus's face.
- 2 Hardly yet do I know
How I let my Lord go,
So insensibly starting aside ;
When the tempter came in
With his own subtle sin,
And infected my spirit with pride.
- 3 But I felt it too soon,
That my Saviour was gone,
Swiftly vanishing out of my sight ;
My triumph and boast
On a sudden were lost,
And my day it was turn'd into night.
- 4 Only pride could destroy
That innocent joy,
And make my Redeemer depart ;
But whate'er was the cause,
I lament the sad loss,
For the veil is come over my heart.
- 5 Ah ! wretch that I am !
I can only exclaim,
Like a devil tormented within :
My Saviour is gone,
And has left me alone
To the fury of Satan and sin.
- 6 Nothing can now relieve,
Without comfort I grieve,
I have lost all my peace and my power

No access do I find
To the friend of mankind;
I can ask for his mercy no more.
7 Tongue cannot declare
The torment I bear,
(While no end of my troubles I see)
Only Adam could tell
On the day that he fell,
And was turn'd out of Eden like me.

8 Driven out from my God,
I wander abroad,
Thro' a desert of sorrows I rove;
And how great is my pain,
That I cannot regain
My Eden of Jesus's love!

9 I never shall rise
To my first paradise,
Or come my Redeemer to see;
But I feel a faint hope
That at last he will stoop,
And his pity shall bring him to me.

H Y M N CCXXIV.

1 **H**OW shall a lost sinner in pain
Recover his forfeited peace?
When brought into bondage again,
What hope of a second release?
Will mercy itself be so kind
To spare such a rebel as me?
And, O! can I possibly find
Such plenteous redemption in thee!

2 O-Jesus, of thee I require,
If still thou art able to save,
The brand to pluck out of the fire,
And ransom my soul from the grave?

The help of thy Spirit restore,
 And shew me the life-giving blood,
 And pardon a sinner once more,
 And bring me again unto God.

- 3 O Jesus, in pity draw near,
 Come quickly to help a lost soul,
 To comfort a mourner appear,
 And make a poor Lazarus whole:
 The balm of thy mercy apply,
 (Thou seest the sore anguish I feel)
 Save, Lord, or I perish, I die,
 O save, or I sink into hell!

- 4 I sink, if thou longer delay
 Thy pardoning mercy to shew,
 Come quickly, and kindly display
 The pow'r of thy passion below.
 By all thou hast done for my sake,
 One drop of thy blood I implore:
 Now, now let it touch me, and make
 The sinner a sinner no more.

For the KING.

H Y M N CCXXV.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast bid thy people pray
 For all that bear the sov'reign sway,
 And thy vicegerents reign,
 Rulers, and governors, and powers;
 And lo! in faith we pray for our's,
 Nor can we pray in-vain.
- 2 Jesus, thy chosen servant guard,
 And every threat'ning danger ward
 From his anointed head;
 Bid all his griefs and troubles cease,
 And thro' the paths of heav'nly peace,
 To life eternal lead.

A PARENT'S PRAYER. 199

- 3 Cover his enemies with shame,
Defeat their dire malicious aim,
Their baffled Hopes destroy;
But show'r on him thy blessings down;
Crown him with grace, with glory crown,
And everlasting joy.
- 4 To hoary hairs be thou his God,
Late may he seek that high abode,
Late to his heav'n remove.
Of virtues full, and happy days,
Accounted worthy by thy grace,
To fill a throne above.
- 5 And when thou dost his sp'rit receive,
O give him, in his offspring, give
Us back our king again.
Preserve them, Providence Divine,
And let the long-illustrious line
To latest ages reign.
- 6 Secure us of his royal race
A man to stand before thy face,
And exercise thy pow'r;
With wealth, prosperity, and peace,
Our nation and our church to bless,
Till time shall be no more.
- *****

A PARENT'S PRAYER.

H Y M N CCXXVI.

- 1 **G**OD only wise, almighty, good,
Send forth thy truth and light
To point us out the narrow road,
And guide our steps aright:

200 A MASTER'S PRAYER.

- 2 To steer our dang'rous course between
The rocks on either hand;
And fix us in the golden mean,
And bring our charge to land.
- 3 Made apt by thy sufficient grace
To teach as taught by thee,
We come to train in all thy ways
Our rising progeny.
- 4 Their selfish will in time subdue,
And mortify their pride;
And lend their youth a sacred clew
To find the Crucify'd!
- 5 We would in ev'ry step look up,
By thy example taught,
T'alarm their fear, excite their hope,
And rectify their thought.
- 6 We would persuade their heart t'obey,
With mildest zeal proceed;
And never take the harther way,
When love will do the deed.
- 7 For this we ask, in faith sincere,
The wisdom from above;
To touch their hearts with filial fear,
And pure, ingenuous love:
- 8 To watch their will to sense inclin'd,
With-hold the hurtful food;
And gently bend their tender mind,
And draw their souls to God.

A MASTER'S PRAYER.

H Y M N CCXXVII.

- 1 **M**ASTER supreme, I look to thee
For grace and wisdom from above;
Vested with thy authority,
Endue me with thy patient love.

- 2 That, taught according to thy will
To rule my family aright,
I may th'appointed charge fulfil,
With all my heart and all my might.
- 3 Inferiors, as a sacred trust,
I from the sovereign Lord receive,
That what is suitable and just,
Impartial I to all may give :
- 4 O'erlook them with a guardian eye ;
From vice and wickedness restrain ;
Mistakes and lesser faults pass by,
And govern with a looser rein.
- 5 The servant faithfully discreet,
Gentle to him, and good, and mild,
Him I would tenderly intreat,
And scarce distinguish from a child.
- 6 Order if some invert, confound,
Their Lord's authority betray,
I hearken to the gospel-sound,
And trace the providential way.
- 7 As far from abjectness as pride,
With condescending dignity,
Jesus, I make thy word my guide,
And keep the post assign'd by thee.
- 8 O could I emulate the zeal
Thou dost to thy poor servants bear ;
The troubles, griefs, and burdens feel
Of souls intrusted to my care :
- 9 In daily pray'r to God commend
The souls whom God expir'd to save ;
And think how soon my sway may end,
And all be equal in the grave.

N A T I V I T Y.

H Y M N CCXXVIII.

- 1 **A**LL hail ! happy day,
 When enrob'd in our clay,
 The Redeemer appear'd upon earth :
 How can we refrain
 For to join the glad strain,
 And to hail our Immanuel's birth ?
- 2 How boundless that love,
 First begotten above,
 And through Jesus to sinners made known !
 Lift, lift up the voice,
 And exulting rejoice,
 For Jehovah to earth is come down.
- 3 Ye angels of God
 Sound his praises abroad,
 And acknowledge him JAH, the I AM :
 We also will join
 In a hymn so divine,
 Giving glory to God and the Lamb.
- 4 To Christ we will sing
 As our High Priest and King,
 And our Prophet to teach us the road :
 But more than all this,
 For Almighty he is,
 And we own him our crucify'd God !
- 5 To Jesus's praise
 Let us spend all our days,
 For 'tis he that our Surety has stood :
 He sojourned below,
 That his mercy might flow,
 And he purchas'd our pardon with blood !
- 6 O may the return
 Of this once-blessed morn,
 Be for ever remember'd with joy ;

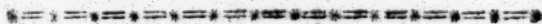
- Sweet accents of praise
 All our voices shall raise,
 Hallelujahs shall be our employ.
- 7 Let echo prolong
 The harmonious song,
 Hallelujahs again and again:
 He kindles the fire,
 Whom the nations desire,
 And to him we devote the glad strain.
- 8 Blest Jesus, while we
 Pay our tribute to thee,
 Let us worship, admire, and adore.
 Accept as thy crown,
 What before was thy own,
 Hallelujahs and praise evermore.

H Y M N CCXXIX.

- 1 **H**ARK! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King;
 "Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
 "God and sinners reconcil'd."
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumphs of the skies,
 With th'angelic host proclaim,
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem."
- 2 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,
 Christ the everlasting Lord;
 Late in time behold him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb:
 Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see,
 Hail th'incarnate Deity!
 Pleas'd as man with men t'appear,
 Jesus our Immanuel here.
- 3 Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace;
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Ris'n with healing in his wings;

Mild he lays his glory by,
 Born, that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth.
 Born to give them second birth.

- 4 Come, Desire of nations, come,
 Fix us in thy humble home;
 Rise, the woman's conqu'ring seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head:
 Adam's likeness now efface,
 Stamp thine image in its place;
 Second Adam from above,
 Re-instate us in thy love.



NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

H Y M N CCXXX.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of Earth and sky,
 The God of ages praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,
 Antient of endless days,
 Who lengthens out our trial here,
 And spares us yet another year.
- 2 Barren and wither'd trees
 We cumber'd long the ground,
 No fruit of holiness
 On our dead souls was found;
 Yet doth he us in mercy spare
 Another, and another year.
- 3 When justice bar'd the sword
 To cut the fig-tree down,
 The pity of our Lord
 Cry'd, Let it still alone!
 The Father mild inclines his ear,
 And spares us yet another year.

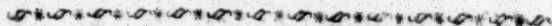
- 4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space,
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo, we see another year!
- 5 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound,
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

H Y M N CCXXXI.

- 1 **S**ING to the great Jehovah's praise!
All praise to him belongs,
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs:
Whose providence has brought us thro'
Another various year,
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.
- 2 Father, thy mercies past we own,
Thy still-continu'd care,
To thee presenting, thro' thy Son,
Whate'er we have, or are;
Our lips and lives shall gladly shew
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesu's steps we go
To see thy face above.
- 3 Our residue of days or hours
Thine, wholly Thine shall be,
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to Thee.

GOOD-FRIDAY.

"Till Jesus in the clouds appear
 To saints on earth forgiven,
 And bring the grand sabbatic year
 The jubilee of heaven.



GOOD-FRIDAY.

H Y M N CCXXXII.

- 1 **A** LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
 And did my Sov'reign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
 He groan'd upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in;
 When Christ the mighty Maker dy'd,
 For man the creature's sin!
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While his dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do.



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